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The Pacific

SPECTATOR

AN WE RESIST SOVIET AGGRESSION?

General Alfred M. Gruenther

THE MALAISE OF THE INTELLECTUAL

Iago Galdston and Bruce Bliven

Also

RUSSELL F. WULFF, LIONEL GELBER
HOYT BARNETT, RICHARD BARNES

SPRING 1956

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PS

THE PACIFIC SPECTATOR

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IN his article entitled "Can We Resist Soviet Aggression?" General Alfred M. Gruenther assesses Soviet military strength and describes the key role of NATO in discouraging Russian inclinations toward further aggression. "Our objective," he declares, "is to make war so expensive that it will never happen." At the same time he warns us that our success has perhaps brought on a new danger, that by raising our confidence, it has made us feel that the threat of war has receded, causing us to engage in a tendency to relax.

General Gruenther is speaking largely in military terms, but his warning can be applied as well to other realms. The reception accorded by Asians to Nikolai Bulganin and Niqita S. Krushchev during their recent Eastern tour might remind us that political struggle—in which the Communists have had long experience—will continue whether war breaks out or not. And current unrest in the Middle East should recall what happened in China and Indochina, where, without recourse to anything like atomic warfare, the Communists exploited local discontent for their own aggressive purposes.

Communist leaders are past masters at posing as successful practitioners of economic development and as champions of national self-determination and social justice. It is largely in this dual role that they win confidence among people of the so-called underdeveloped countries and thus insinuate influence—and later control—into conflicts that already exist.

If this is no time to relax our military strength, neither is it the moment to abdicate our responsibility for supporting important areas of the world in their stuggle for stability, or to abandon our historic encouragement of self-determination and independence for subject peoples.

Robert C. North

THE PACIFIC

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
EDITORIAL		89
CAN WE RESIST SOVIET AGGRESSION?	*General Alfred M. Gruenther*	92
PSYCHOPATHIA INTELLECTUALIS	*Iago Galdston, M.D.*	100
WHY ARE INTELLECTUALS DISTRUSTED?	*Bruce Bliven*	108
A VILLAGE PROTEST	*Russell F. Wulff*	118
SEMANTICS OF THE COMMONWEALTH	*Lionel Gelber*	126
SUMMER MORNING [A POEM]	*Lester A. Lee*	136

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SPECTATOR
INTERPRETATION

1956 NUMBER 2

CONTENTS

PAGE

LUSIN'S "AH Q":
A Rejected Image of Chinese Character
John H. Weakland 137

BALM IN GILEAD [A STORY] *Hoyt Barnett* 147

THE SPECTATOR'S APPRAISAL:
Melville, Dostoevsky, and the People *John J. Gross* 160

NICO [A STORY] *Richard Barnes* 171

TUGARIN THE DRAGON [A POEM] *A. K. Tolstoy* 184

OPPOSITION AND SUPPRESSION IN COMMUNIST CHINA
Yu-nan Chang 189

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(*Continued on page 199*)

CAN WE RESIST SOVIET AGGRESSION?*

by General Alfred M. Gruenther

WHEN General Eisenhower arrived in Paris on 7 January 1951 to serve as the first Supreme Commander for Europe under NATO, he found the resources at his disposal pitifully low. What was even worse, the resources he did have could not be used to implement a common strategy because there was no such strategy. It was not even certain the Allies could agree upon one. In time of peace, no alliance had been able to succeed before.

I am delighted to be able to report to you now—five years and a few weeks later—that our progress has been very significant. Numerically our forces are approximately four times what they were then. In effectiveness the progress is even greater, and, above all, the nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization have come to have an abiding faith in the collective security concept.

It is well, of course, to speak of our progress. However, it has a meaningfulness only when weighed against the danger those forces would have to face. It is a logical question for you to ask, then: "Are we able to resist an all-out attack of Soviet aggression now?" Progress is one thing, results are another.

I think it is important in answering that question that we consider what the threat is. We refer to it in military jargon as "enemy capabilities," and we make a clear distinction between capabilities and intentions. We cannot be guided by smiles and pleasant statements, be they ever so solacing. We must instead consider the hard realities of the military potential of the Soviet Bloc. That is the subject I would like to cover right now.

The Soviet Union has now 175 land divisions, the largest land

* This article is derived from an address by General Gruenther before the Los Angeles World Affairs Council, Biltmore Bowl, Los Angeles, California, February 6, 1956.

force in the world today. By and large, most of those divisions are good divisions, and we can get very little consolation by saying, "Well, we have better divisions." Here and there we do, but generally speaking, Soviet divisions are good.

In air power, they have some 20,000 planes. That is about the number they had when General Eisenhower arrived in Europe, except that they are much better planes now. At that time, 80 per cent of them were piston-driven planes; now, 80 per cent are jet planes, and the progress of the Soviets toward modernizing their air force is rapid.

On the naval side of the picture, they still have a relatively weak surface fleet. They are concentrating on submarines, and they have approximately 400 of them. In order that you might have some measuring stick to know what 400 submarines mean, you need only recall that Germany, when she went to war on 1 September 1939, had fewer than 75 submarines. Not all of those 400 are first class, but a great many of them are large, sea-going submarines, and in the event of an emergency, they would play a very important role.

In the field of guided missiles, the Soviets are engaged in an intensive effort. They are developing atomic weapons, and while they have not caught up to us yet, their new five-year plan, which was announced recently, shows that in the industrial field and scientific field they are proceeding rapidly.

In assessing military potential, we must consider not only the military forces; we must consider the back-up for that force, the war industry. When Stalin in 1946 told the Soviet people that they were going to have fifteen years of hard work, and that it would take three five-year plans to protect them against "possible incidents," he proclaimed they should have, among other things, a production in 1960 of 60 million tons of steel. In this last year, 1955, they have already reached 45 million tons, and they have upped their goal for 1960 from 60 million tons to 68 million tons. When you recall that in 1929 they had a steel production of about 5 million tons, you can realize the rate at which they are progressing. In oil, Stalin told them they would need 60 million tons. For the year

1955, they produced 70 million tons, and they have already raised the goal for 1960 to 135 million tons.

I do not want to say that everything they do has been that successful. In assessing their strength we must consider their weaknesses, too. They are having trouble with their agricultural program, and they will probably continue to have trouble. In one item alone, cattle, there are fewer head in the Soviet Union today than there were in 1928. We use the year 1928 because it was the year before the collective farm system came into effect. The collective farm system has not worked out too well.

One of the greatest disadvantages of the Soviet system is the price the consumer has to pay because of concentration on heavy industry—war production there is coming out of the hide of the Soviet worker. For example, a Soviet citizen now pays between 1,300 and 1,600 rubles for a suit of clothes, and when you realize that a painter or a carpenter receives about 700 rubles a month, you can understand what an austere life he is forced to live. A second-hand suit of clothes costs about 800 rubles, still more than a month's salary. It is not difficult to imagine how many new suits they are able to buy.

Nevertheless, the people in the Soviet Union are united, and I do not think we can hold out any hope there is going to be a revolution. There are 7 million members of the Communist party in the Soviet Union, and by and large they are a dedicated group. They believe in their system with all their hearts and souls, and they are going to do everything possible to see that it finally dominates the world.

So much, then, for the assessment of Soviet strengths and weaknesses. In passing, we must also mention the satellites, because the satellite nations are making a contribution to the Soviet capabilities. They have approximately 75 divisions and 2,500 planes. The satellite divisions are not as good as the Soviet divisions, and the satellite air forces are not yet a potent weapon. Some of these units are actually poor or mediocre, but the Soviets know that. They recognize what the problem is and are doing everything they can to rectify the situation.

Another problem they have with the satellites is a certain lack of reliability among those people who have tasted freedom. However, the Communists feel that time is on their side, and they are working on the grandchildren to ensure that they will be "reliable" citizens. Therefore, although political reliability is an element of weakness now in the satellites, the Soviets are confident they can solve that difficulty. But they will have trouble with the satellites, and we pray those troubles will multiply. We must ensure that the light of liberty burns brightly for those unfortunate people so that they will not lose hope that some day they will be free again.

To sum up our estimate of Soviet capabilities, then, you can see that there is a very strong aggregation of power. It is against that power estimate that we at SHAPE must do our planning for defense—not on the basis of smiles and pleasant visits.

Coming back to my question: "Are we strong enough now in NATO to resist successfully an all-out act of aggression in Europe?"

No, we are still not that strong. It would be nothing short of a miracle if we had progressed that far, considering the low level from which we started. I am not discouraged though, because I think the progress we have made has been almost fantastic. It is much greater than we ever thought possible in the dark days of early 1951. Furthermore, we still retain a decided advantage in long-range air power, which would inflict devastating damage on the Soviet Union if an all-out attack took place in Europe. That air power is a very strong deterrent.

Your next question would be: "Well, will we ever be strong enough to resist an all-out attack in Europe?"

We are now projecting our planning ahead three or four years. The reason we select that time is that we hope by then to have an effective German contribution. It will consist of approximately 12 German divisions, some 1,300 aircraft, and various types of naval craft. When that contribution is effective, and assuming that we can use our new weapons—and by that I mean atomic and thermonuclear weapons—we are reasonably certain that we shall be able to defend Europe successfully even against an all-out act of aggression.

The Soviets came to the same conclusion, and therefore are doing everything possible to prevent us from accomplishing both of those objectives. They did everything they could to prevent the entrance of Germany into NATO. They failed in that endeavor, but as soon as Germany became the fifteenth member of NATO last May, the Soviets began to concentrate on slowing up the rearmament of Germany. I do not think they are going to be successful there either, but they are working at it very intensively.

On my second proviso—that we be able to use atomic weapons—the Soviets' propaganda campaign has been going full blast on all circuits to ban the atomic bomb. The Soviet line goes something like this: "The atomic bomb kills women and children; we are against killing women and children; therefore, we want to ban the atom bomb." They would like to create the impression that war fought by conventional means would be some kind of picnic. We know that is not the case. We know that the evil is war itself. What our alliance is trying to do is to prevent war from taking place—any kind of war.

Our objective is to make war so expensive that it will never happen. It would be an act of disservice to the whole free world if the alliance—or any country such as the United States, which plays an extremely important role in the alliance—would agree to a proposal to ban the atomic bomb, which is at present the one element we have to counterbalance the tremendous military strength of the Soviets.

Do not think, however, that counteracting that propaganda will be easy, because the people of Europe feel very much under the shadow of that atom bomb. What we must convince them is that their security, and that of Chicago, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, and all of the cities of the free world, are inextricably interwoven.

The Soviet does not win if he should go to war by simply overrunning Europe. He must destroy the sources of power of this alliance, and one of the most significant is North America. The people of the free world must recognize that it is the combined strength of this alliance which is going to prevent or thwart aggression.

I told you that the first five years were difficult. I told you that the progress we made was much greater than we ever thought possible. Having said that, however, I think I must say that I think the next five years are going to be even more difficult still, and for what may seem to be a paradoxical reason. Our very success has perhaps brought on a new danger. By raising our confidence, it has made it seem that the danger of war has receded, and this, in turn, causes us to engage in a tendency to relax.

Furthermore, the Soviet High Command now is infinitely more clever than when Stalin was alive. They do a much better job of lulling us. We never had it so good as when Stalin was alive, because the minute we started to relax, he would step in and shake us into the realization that we were still in danger.

This problem is not impossible to solve—it is simply difficult to solve. The member nations of NATO must have a vigorous and continuing program to keep their peoples informed of the actual danger we face, so that they will understand and not be susceptible to Soviet propaganda, either by words or smiles. They must also understand what our own governments are doing. They should know, for example, about such organizations as NATO, what they have done and can do.

Almost all people who know the full story of NATO are enthusiastic about it. They say, "That is a good idea." However, it must be recognized that the maintenance of an alliance, the ability to have that alliance thrive, is very, very difficult, especially with the Soviets playing their line as cleverly as they are now. It involves tremendous responsibilities for the people of the United States, because whether we like it or not, the mantle of leadership has fallen upon our shoulders. This is a vital—indeed a precious—burden, and we must prepare ourselves to bear it wisely in this struggle that may last a long time.

You ask, "Well, isn't there a good deal of anti-American feeling among the Allies?" There is some anti-American sentiment—no question about that—but it is not nearly so great as what you might call skepto-Americanism. Our friends wonder if we have the necessary wisdom and patience in order to be able to lead the

Allies against such an implacable foe as this one. The maintenance of an alliance system requires much patience with allies, regardless of the many difficulties they may have, notwithstanding their weaknesses.

When General Eisenhower started our headquarters in Paris, he called in the officers who were on that staff at that time—twenty-one of them—and he said, "I feel that the essence of this whole alliance, and particularly at this headquarters, will be to create the atmosphere in which we will develop a ready smile." That was his way of stating that friends could work well together.

This headquarters, now some 400 officers strong, is the happiest one I have ever been associated with in my thirty-seven years of service. I do not want to say it is the most efficient one, because when you put an American next to a Turk, or a Frenchman, the communication of ideas is not exactly lightning-fast, but from the standpoint of dedication to a cause, they will taken second place to no one.

Another thing General Eisenhower did was to make an arrangement to have the people live together. That took quite a bit of doing, but through the co-operation of the French government, SHAPE Village came into being. Three hundred families live there. They have their own church, their own shopping center, and their own school. It was my pleasure last June to give out the prizes at the graduation, and first prize in English in one class was won by a Turkish girl. Her mother, who speaks no English, can live to be 150 and there will never be any day that will be happier for her.

You can see how such a thing would contribute to the understanding, good will, and unity among the people in our headquarters. We feel that if we can only extend that feeling of unity and good will to the rest of the 450 million people in NATO, we simply cannot fail in this struggle.

Many of you will be coming to Paris, and I would like to extend to you an invitation to visit our headquarters. We had more than 7,000 people last year, so do not think you will be putting us out. We feel that this is basically your problem, and nothing would please us more than for you to show such an interest in it.

Many years ago, Clemenceau said that war is much too important to entrust to the generals. We agree with that statement, and we are putting it into your hands. We will take your advice; we will take your criticisms—the one thing we cannot stand is indifference.

I have confidence in the future. You may say that I am an optimist. If so, I plead guilty to that charge. But I feel that I am more than an optimist. I have faith in our civilization and all that it implies, with its concept of religion and dedication to the dignity of the human individual. This is basically the difference between our system and the Communist system. My optimism springs from my firm conviction that our civilization has all of the qualities to win in this struggle. All that is needed is for the people to continue and increase the unity we have already demonstrated. With such ideals, and with such unity, no power—however menacing—will be able to prevail against us.

PSYCHOPATHIA INTELLECTUALIS

by Iago Galdston, M.D.

THE intellectual is much discussed and little defined. But this is not for want of effort. It is rather that the intellectual, viewed as a specimen of *homo sapiens*, is so annoyingly without any definitive qualities by which he might be distinguished from the rest of mankind. Yet there is no doubt that he does exist and that many among his kind are, to put it mildly, in one hell of a fix. All this adds up to an odd paradox. But only seemingly so. The intellectual cannot be defined save in terms of his *modus operandi*, and that only in a special sense. Thus, as Russell Kirk has so ably shown, the intellectual cannot be described operationally as the thinking, the philosophizing, the scholarly man. The intellectual is not "a man who is notably devoted to and uniquely skilled in the uses of the intellect." Such a definition is too general and too sweeping in its embrace. It is also rather embarrassing, for it is obviously as applicable to those who criticize the intellectual as to the intellectual criticized.*

It is, therefore, not the operations of the intellectual but rather the framework of faiths and basic assumptions within which he operates that distinguishes the intellectual from the rest of his thinking brethren. It is this framework that marks him as a man apart. To his faiths and basic assumptions can be traced much of what I call the "*psychopathia intellectualis*."

The unique framework of the intellectual—I'd rather say of the

* For this reason the egghead intellectual can best be described as an intellectualist, that is, "a compulsive character who substitutes formal pseudo-cold thinking for understanding and feeling." The intellectual was a term dear to the Russian, but this term did not refer to the intellectualistic psychopath but to the representative of the intelligentsia. The Marxists and the anti-Marxists fought about the concept. The Marxists recognized no intelligentsia but considered them merely the representatives of the bourgeois class gone liberal. The Populists thought of the intellectual as "a critically thinking individual whose social and ideological position was outside and above any economic class."

egghead among intellectuals*—is easily described: it is an extrapolated framework projected upon the propositions of Baconian, Cartesian, Hegelian, and Marxian "science." Its orientation points include unwavering faith in evolution, in specific causality, in materialism, and in Pavlovian psychology. It is logical and logistic in quality, but of that order best labeled as logical positivism. It is inimical to the avowedly irrational, and to everything that is not translatable into the vernacular of science. It is nonecological, and nonholistic. It posits man outside and above all nature. Such being the case, the intellectual—*qua* egghead—is an enthusiastic planner, an unconscionable manipulator of man, society, and the universe, and a gullible sucker for everything that carries the label of science.

The intellectual's framework of operations is a derivative of the intellectual bias developed in and by eighteenth-century science. It remains unaffected and uncorrected by all that we have learned since, in both science and philosophy, that bears on that bias. Indeed the intellectual is in that respect a reactionary, a conservative, a staunch defender of vested knowledge. He cannot, nor will he trouble to study or to understand, say, Whitehead, or Schroedinger, or Cassirer. He is likely to prefer Bertrand Russell's "clear, objective, and rational philosophy." The former are encyclical and acutely perceive and appreciate the relatedness of man to the universe. They teach a modern version of "microcosm and macrocosm." But Russell sets man free to rule the world.†

It is to this illusory belief in the "freedom of man," in his independence from and his mastery over his environment—that is, over nature—that the *psychopathia intellectualis* can be traced.

* A word on the use of the term "egghead." I employ it reluctantly, and only because I know of no better term by which to designate this particular member of the intellectual confraternity. Literary and critical tradition offer some precedents and warrants in the use of such designations. There come to mind von Chamisso's shadowless Peter Schlemihl, Voltaire's obtuse Candide, and Carlyle's Prof. Teufelsdröckh. I cannot trace the Alsops' derivation of the expression "egghead" but I suspect it may have been suggested by the phrase "addlebrain" or "addlehead."

† "The universe as known to science is not in itself either friendly or hostile to man, but it can be made to act as a friend if approached with patient knowledge. Where the universe is concerned, knowledge is the one thing needful. Man, alone of living things, has shown himself capable of the knowledge required to give him a certain mastery over his environment." Bertrand Russell, *An Outline of Philosophy* (London: G. Allen & Unwin, Ltd., 1927), p. 312.

The intellectual is at best prone to disparage, and at worst likely to deny emphatically, that he is a creature of the universe and bounden to it by a variety of exacting requirements. He will perforce grant that he cannot evade certain vital physiological requisites such as eating, sleeping, and evacuating. But even these he is most likely to fulfill at his own, and not at nature's discretion. He is by consequence and mental disposition a great believer in the utility and efficacy of drugs, operations, and psychoanalysis. Parenthetically it should be added that he seldom proves a good analysand. He is too resistant, and too much of a doctrinaire intellectual to be able to appreciate or to act upon the insights proffered by analysis. Hence many intellectuals are the "victims" of unsuccessful and/or of interminable analyses.

The egghead intellectual is seldom a good lover, an effective husband or wife, a successful parent, or a rewarded and rewarding grandparent.

The composite clinical psychiatric history of the intellectual, given in brief, sums up to the following. He (or she), even when young, overinvests in his intellectual acquisitions and exercises. In psychiatric terms—he eroticizes his intellect. In effect, he talks a good line, but performs rarely and badly when circumstances call for emotional and erotic interrelations. He is likely to suffer from *ejaculatio praecox*, and from the precipitous and periodic loss of virility. His relations with the opposite sex are prone to be "companionable," with the emphasis on equality. This is a neat rationalization by which *he* manages to evade the role of the aggressive male, and *she* that of the submissive (masochistic) female. He is not likely to fall in love at the age and in the way others do. He explains this to himself and to others by saying that he hasn't found the right person. He is not, however, averse to having sexual relations with likely prospects. Indeed, since sexual intercourse is one of those necessary functions which a culturally and scientifically backward society has surrounded with innumerable obstacles and taboos, he sees no reason why an exploration of prospects should not begin in bed. He thus severs love from sex, and reverses that sequence by which erotic play in most of the higher animal world is

paced. When he marries it is by deliberate decision and not as a romantic achievement. He *chooses* to marry, and he either marries brains and personality or else a "cute thing." The latter is the better and more promising marriage. But in essence it is a marriage of condescension, not so much to the "cute thing" as to the pesty prurience of concupiscence. The "cute thing" is generally from the other side of the social, cultural, or religious track. The "brains and personality" marriage is likely to prove more trying, and not infrequently ends in a late divorce. Both partners are too narcissistically involved to team up for the serious and exacting business of marriage. Both, and the female more pre-eminently so, are bent on fulfilling themselves *in and by themselves.* In time they each come to feel, with full warrant but with little or no discernment as to how or why, that the other has failed them. The general complaint is that the other is "not giving." They see the beam but not the mote.

Since the marriage was entered upon in cool premeditation it is not readily dissolved. That were too great an admission of reason's fallibility. Hence if and when divorce does take place it is generally after ten or fifteen years of marital travail. The intellectuals do bear children, but generally somewhat late in life, that is, when the male is past thirty. They seldom have more than three children, generally only two. The children are spaced from three to four years apart. The third child is likely to be the product of an irrational impulse, and is not infrequently explained as "an accident." The intellectual eagerly and readily farms out his (her) children. They are sent to a variety of schools beginning almost from the time that they can toddle and babble. The persuasion, i.e., the rationalization, is that they need to be with other children "to socialize." The need to be with mother, and with father too, is not recognized or esteemed. In summertime when school is out the youngsters are exiled to camp, there "to learn nature."

When the intellectual's children show, as they so frequently do, the stigmata of their upbringing in a variety of emotional, behavioral, and learning disabilities, they are again delegated to a motley of so-called therapists, many of whom are trained laymen. They are then treated for years. The intellectual's children, natively

gifted, but starved in affection and otherwise emotionally deprived, are thus started early on the compensatory overinvestment in intellect. They are good-to-excellent scholars, quickly maturing eggheads, and promising candidates for the analyst's couch.

Meanwhile the aging intellectual begins to suffer from a variety of psychosomatic illnesses. These may include precocious impotence, and a variety of psychosexual complaints. In the female, dyspareunia, pruritus vulvae, dysmenorrhea, migraine, and hyperthyroidism are not uncommon. Insomnia, chronic obstipation, gastrointestinal disorders, hypochrondiasis, and what Abraham Meyerson so aptly termed anhedonia—a loss of relish for life and living—are some of the later complaints common among intellectuals. These are some of the quittance claims which Eros exacts from those deluded souls who hope to dissipate his sovereignty in the sway of their rationality.

The intellectual ages but does not grow old. He is against it on principle. Hence he is an abiding pal to all ages. His children refer to him and call him by his first name, and almost never "father" or "dad." He in return is a *Duzbruder* to everyman. When grown old, calendar-wise, he is especially prone to favor the company and the companionship of the very young and to share in their exercises (hiking, for example) with an ingenuous enthusiasm. Not for him the wisdom and dignity *de senectute*. He prefers to be, as indeed he remains, *juvenilis* in mind and spirit.

Though he suffers many psychosomatic illnesses, he seldom becomes psychotic and rarely exhibits any of the classical forms of neurosis. His are chiefly those psychological disorders which can best be described as due to faulty character formation—that is, as character disorders. Among his children, however, schizophrenia and suicide do occur rather frequently. A distinctive feature of the egghead intellectual's psychic operations is its pseudo emotionality. The intellectual of this order is effusive in his avowals of friendly interest and sympathy—and conversely as shallow and ephemeral in their exercise. This is true not alone of his relations with his friends, but also and equally of his affect relations with his family, marriage partner, and children. For this reason he can be,

and frequently is, sadistically cruel, and betraying. Furthermore his affections and interests are more likely to extend to masses and groups than to given individuals. He will enthuse about India and its people, or Negroes, or the Chinese, or be incensed by the abuses and injustices suffered, say, by Arab refugees, or Koreans, but will not always sense the plight nor render a Good Samaritan's service to one in his immediate sphere.

I have written of the intellectual in the masculine, intending of course both male and female. But the "female of the species" deserves a special note. As she is a creature more proximate to the primal upsurgings of life, any psychic corruptions which she may suffer are bound to have multiple and far-reaching effects on her own person and on those with whom she is associated. Psychoanalysts have had a good deal of sport with this specimen of womankind. Their fancies have been both riotous and prolific, and their theories ingenuous. Thus she allegedly suffers from a castration complex, i.e., she believes she had had a phallus but lost it by castration; she is supposed to suffer penis envy—wanting to be "like a man"; she is said to rejoice in castrating the male, to square things, so to say. Taken in earnest and literally, these hypotheses engender much nonsense, but understood in their symbolic implications they cast a revealing light upon the psychopathology of the female intellectual. In the persuasions of the "science"-oriented intellectual she rejects and seeks to negate her femininity. She resents her biological primacy. She does not envy man, she rather disparages femininity. Yet paradoxically the female intellectual is not infrequently also an obstreperous feminist. Her feminism, however, is animated primarily by the desire to wipe out "the differences." Her aim is not feminism, i.e., the flowering of womanhood and of womankind, but rather asexual egalitarianism. The effects of these persuasions on her own life and functions as a female are not difficult to envisage. More complicated and grievous are their effects upon her family and notably upon her children. Her sons are likely to grow up "intimidated, dependent males," who either marry older women, as aggressive as the mother, or else exist as intersex creatures floating between hetero- and homosexuality. Her daughters, on the other

hand, not infrequently "avenge" their upbringing in riotous promiscuity.

For all these features of his psychic being, the intellectual can advance many justifications. He can explain them all and find nothing wrong in or about them. If and when, as frequently it does happen, he finds himself troubled and unhappy, he is "at a loss" to understand why. Under these circumstances he treats himself to a mild paranoia. He reifies the evil which afflicts him in the pattern of a "reactionary government," or "vested interests," or "social Darwinism." In other words, he resolves his puzzlement in the conviction that he is a misunderstood, opposed, and abused man. Should he seek psychotherapy it will be in order to gain help in overcoming "his enemies." One of the prize understatements to be found in Fenichel's classical work on the neurosis reads as follows: "Analytic therapy in the case of character disorders meets with specific difficulties." The specific difficulties are mainly these: the patient has no insight into, nor does he recognize his pathological attitudes; he does not appreciate that "the chief part of the conflicting energies the analysis aims to release is tonically bound in the attitudes," nor can he grasp that these very attitudes interfere with the process of analysis.

The psychotherapy of the intellectual is extremely difficult, but not impossible of success. The yield is better with the younger than with the older. The most trying feature in the treatment of the intellectual is his persevering efforts to entice his therapist into a long-winded and involved intellectual *analysis* of the analysis. Pathetically and naïvely he will protest that he doesn't understand, that it all seems so contradictory, that the therapist isn't consistent, that the time before he said *that* and now he says *this*. It is all very taxing, but when the intellectual does "break through," the results are most rewarding, and not infrequently of much social consequence. Koestler comes to mind in this connection.

The composite picture given above, and one must bear in mind that it *is* a composite picture and not a typical case history, is not very pleasant to contemplate. It does proffer a valid index to *psychopathia intellectualis* but it doesn't quite do justice to the intellectual

as a creature. In person, that is, as one beholds him in the flesh, the intellectual (egghead) isn't bad at all. Indeed he can be quite nice, that is, until he begins to go off on the tangent of his bias. Then he is akin to the "monomaniac" of ancient psychiatry. The amphoteric quality of his being, his seemingly benign charm and his potential as well as real malignity, account for the bitterness with which he is condemned when discovered. The egghead intellectual is passionately hated, as a betrayer of the intellect. Yet in full justice, and in psychiatric objectivity, he cannot be held "a traitor." He is rather a victim. He is a denatured man, a man *déraciné*. And the fault, if any, is a truly collective guilt, the fault of us all who have been so uncritical in the acceptance of the dicta and the pretensions of modern science.

Writing this brief excursion into the psychopathology of the intellectual, I became aware that at the very end I must add this: Of whomsoever this tale is told, dear reader, it is told also of me and thee, for in this age none of us but suffers from a touch of that madness which in full measure sums up to the *Psychopathia Intellectualis*.

WHY ARE INTELLECTUALS DISTRUSTED?

by Bruce Bliven

WHO are the intellectuals? Is it really true that they are distrusted? If so, why? And is the condition permanent? Let us consider these questions one at a time, and not necessarily in logical order.

So far as I know, there is no statistical information to prove that the intellectuals are distrusted; if Dr. Gallup has ever done a poll on the subject, I am not aware of it. I believe, however, that common observation proves this is the case. "Egghead"—a phrase invented by one of the Alsop brothers—is the most recent epithet applied to those of high intelligence; the political writers are agreed that it did some damage to Adlai Stevenson in 1952, though of course he would have lost anyhow, in view of the national love affair with Ike. Gov. Allan Shivers of Texas certainly thought the word connoted something undesirable when, in January 1956, he pleaded with the Democratic party to keep away from such people. A generation ago, a standard figure for contempt among the cartoonists was little Willie from Boston, with his huge bulging cranium and myopic eyeglasses. (Please note that little Willie was never accused of erudite observations that were false; it was his erudition itself that made everybody mad.) Merle Curti says that hostility to the highbrow goes back to ancient Egypt, and is reflected in Plato's *Republic*—as indeed it is still, in almost every issue of the *Congressional Record*. When people used to talk contemptuously about "short-haired women and long-haired men" the domes thus improperly covered were assumed to be ovoid. New York City once had a mayor, John F. Hylan, who complained bitterly that people went into public libraries and read so much that they came out unsuited for the practical affairs of life, and it is certain that he was not referring to the bums who used the news-

paper reading-room as a refuge from winter's blasts. And finally, it has been notorious for generations that a bright girl seeking to get married must be careful to dissemble her I.Q., at least to bring it below the level of the young man whom she intends to maneuver into a proposal.

For thirty years I was one of the editors of a weekly magazine, *The New Republic*, strongly sympathetic to, and in close touch with, organized labor. It was a period during which many idealistic young men and women came out of the colleges firmly intending to give their lives to "the working class"; and it was interesting to see that the trade unions almost invariably shied away from giving real responsibility to these young people, nearly all of whom would have qualified as intellectuals; the unions put them to work licking stamps. To be sure, most of the trade-union leaders themselves bore the stigmata of a high I.Q.; but they had come up through the ranks, they carefully dissembled their intellectual superiority, and they were reliable men first and eggheads second, if at all.

In recent years, American society as a whole has had, or has felt it had, a special grievance against the intellectual. It has equated the highbrow with political Leftism, and Leftism either with vague and dreamy incompetence, or with subservience to a revolutionary Communist conspiracy. At least the second half of this equation was unjust both to the intellectuals and to the Communists. It was unjust to the intellectuals because—although few ever recognize the fact—there are plenty of Black Republicans among their number. It was unjust to the Communists because—as the revelations of the various disillusioned Russian spies have plainly revealed—the real carriers of power among them were as cynical and contemptuous of the intellectual as any Detroit tycoon could be. Nevertheless the picture has got stuck in the American head, and is an important part of the general anti-intellectualism of the day.

Another important reason for this anti-intellectualism goes back, in my opinion, to the conditions of American life in the nineteenth century. It is the fashion today to disparage the influence of the American frontier on our habits of thought, as pointed out by Frederick Turner and others; but it seems to me obvious that there

is much in the Turner explanation still valid and useful. On the frontier what was needed was action, and in moments of crisis, unanimity of action. From Hamlet down to Kafka's heroes, the typical intellectual has found decisive action difficult, and wholehearted agreement with anybody on any subject well-nigh impossible; that is why new political movements on the Left keep dividing and re-dividing like so many amoebae. By the frontier standards, the intellectual wasn't much use; in times of crisis, the motto on his banner is almost sure to be "Yes, but."

A third factor has certainly been the impact of European immigration on American culture. Fifty million Europeans have come to America, almost all of them since the Civil War; they represented the disparate civilizations of the Old World, some of which had been fighting each other since Neolithic times. Only recently have social psychologists come to realize the enormous residual inertia of one's native cultural traditions; we used to talk a great deal about Americanizing the immigrant but did almost nothing to bring this about, and it is far from certain that our efforts would have succeeded, even if we had made any. True, the second generation became highly Americanized in the externals—hot dogs and baseball, popsicles and loving Lucy; but there are, I think, many evidences that the fragmentation of the fundamental culture continues, and the cracks run wide and deep. One of these evidences is the fact that so many Americans today do not trust each other, as witness the frantic efforts at "security checks" in Washington, and the ruthless banishment of hundreds of obviously innocent people through "guilt by relationship" or through long-canceled membership in some organization which, perhaps years later, was infiltrated by Communists. In a fragmented culture, when you aren't sure whom you can rely on, you fear and dislike anyone who seems strange.

If this analysis is correct, it may help to explain a curious fact that has been discussed many times (brilliantly by Eugene Burdick in the Autumn 1955 issue of *The Pacific Spectator*). It is that anti-intellectualism is much less severe in other parts of the world than in the United States. At least in those countries that remain demo-

cratic, a man can be an open, admitted intellectual without having it count against him, politically, in business, or otherwise. I suggest that this comes from the milieu of the long-established, solidified cultural matrix in which these intellectuals grow up. It is true that many Europeans of this caste have preferred to migrate to America in spite of everything, but in most cases, this has been because their native lands came under totalitarian control. The few other exceptions are, I believe, men who have come here for private reasons or because of special and temporary situations at home.

Almost by definition, the intellectual will seem strange to the great body of his fellows. For several years I have been carrying in my pocket at all times for instant reference in debate a card containing a group of little known but enormously significant statistics, reporting the scatter of intelligence in our population. This scatter has been determined through scientific tests of millions of people; contrary to a popular impression, these tests are accurate and highly useful. (Skepticism has been augmented because so many people have rashly assumed that when democracy says one man is as good as another, it means that one man is as smart as another; intelligence tests were long out of favor in Russia for a Marxist version of this reason.)

There are in our population, which is now about 167 million, more than 33 million people with I.Q.'s below 90; it is a disturbing thought that these people will never, at any age, read much except comic books, newspaper headlines, and the simplest of best sellers, nor will they be able to make an intelligent judgment on any complicated, important national or international problem. The intellectuals, of course, come from the other end of the scale; they are people with I.Q.'s of 130 or more, and most of them will be in the group at 140 or higher. Between 130 and 140 there are slightly more than five million people, and from 140 to the top of the thermometer, there are only 2.1 million. Careful tests have shown that at least half of these high-I.Q. people are never discovered, do not go to college, and live out their lives in humble, even though usually respected, occupations. The identified intellectual, therefore, will

at best be only about one person in 46, and is more likely to be one person in 160. It is not surprising that he feels a little queer, and is regarded by others as even more so.

The schism among groups along the I.Q. scale is an intricate matter. For one thing, the people at any given level show a curious tendency to disapprove of the the mental activities of the people at every other level, above or below: the scorn of the highbrow when he sees a comic-book reader is only equaled by the contempt of the robust median-I.Q. football player for the genius who mopes about reading poetry when he could be getting a good workout in the gym. It is a curious fact that high intelligence is rarely associated with the excess adrenal activity necessary for success in the hard, competitive world of business; the highbrow comes rather low on the peck order of humans. Each group sublimates its hostility, the intellectual often by writing something cutting about the businessman, the latter by conspicuously driving a more expensive car than the former can afford.

A complicating factor is the rise of the mass media of communication—television, radio, the movies, and magazines with multimillion circulation. Many observers have pointed out that while all of these, to succeed, must be aimed at the median I.Q., the creative effort involved has to be made at a much higher level, and the result is frequently stultifying to the men of creative intelligence who earn their livings this way.

Who is the intellectual? The case is like the famous one of introvert and extrovert; to claim that you are an introvert automatically proves you aren't one. According to the common assumption, which I believe to be only partly true, the highbrow has certain clear characteristics. These have been described by Russell Lynes, in *The Tastemakers*, and by others, and the descriptions need only a little updating. The members of this group hate the phonograph, unless you call it Hi-Fi, when they adore it. They won't listen to AM radio, but are devoted to FM. They never look at television, but they are sure that if they did, they would despise it. They don't go to the movies, but somehow they have managed to see the animated cartoon, *Gerald McBoing-Boing*, and loved it (a generation ago, they

were fond of Charlie Chaplin's films—"But only the early ones, mind you!"). They never look at comic strips, but they enjoy Walt Kelly's *Pogo* and hate *Little Orphan Annie*. Their taste in art is highly selective; they prefer a genuine etching by a man they admire to a color reproduction, no matter how good, of an oil or watercolor by the same artist. They join no book clubs, participate in no Great Books study classes, and rarely look at any magazine with a circulation of more than 10,000. It is not true that members of this group confine their book reading to Kafka and Kierkegaard, but if an admired esoteric writer with a small public finally succeeds in breaking through to mass sales, down go the thumbs. For example, their present hero in poetry is Dylan Thomas, so fortunately unintelligible; they are deserting their long-time hero, T. S. Eliot, who lost face by becoming a popular playwright. They drink sherry before dinner and wine during it—unlike the lowbrow, who drinks whisky before and after dinner and nothing while it is in progress. Just now it is fashionable for the male highbrow to wear a small beard, but as soon as this idea has been taken up by enough people, the cognoscenti will shave.

I can testify that this special group is likely to be highly intolerant of any opinion that does not accord with its preconceived notions. *The New Republic* was and is read largely by the intelligentsia, and they have always been quick not only to attack any deviation from their beliefs, but to punish it if they could. For a single example: in 1919 *The New Republic* denounced the terms of the Treaty of Versailles as soon as they were made public, as being unjust, unreasonable, and unworkable—an opinion held by very few in 1919, though a commonplace today. The editor of that day, Herbert Croly, felt that the United States should not enter the League of Nations, since the Covenant of the League was technically a part of the Treaty, and the organization was also tied to it in other ways. In the light of history we can see that his opinion was almost certainly mistaken, but it was an honest mistake, made by an independent man of deep moral convictions. What happened? Within a few months 40 per cent of the subscribers ended their subscriptions, either by cancellation or by refusing to renew,

with letters indicating that disagreement about the League was the cause.

If I sound a little harsh toward the intelligentsia, I should also point out that for them, recent decades have been an era of great disillusionment. The first decades of the twentieth century were colored by an optimistic carry-over from the last half of the nineteenth—the false notion that the doctrine of evolution means things will automatically get better and better in terms of man's desires and needs. Sadly, as the new century wore on, men began to see that this was not true. And there was another important disillusionment for the intellectuals. Only a few of them ever embraced Communism—a minority of a minority—but it is certainly true that a very large proportion of them, in the early years of this century, had come to put much faith in the merits of some sort of collective society. In 1917, the advent of the new Russian government seemed to them a tremendously promising experiment, and they were correspondingly slow and reluctant to believe that within a few years the bad things in the Russian culture had eaten up most of the good things in the collectivist attempt, and that the residue was one of the most tyrannical, even though inept, examples of totalitarianism in history. Before the intellectuals had had time to get back on their feet, the threat of atomic warfare came along to appeal to their always lively imaginations with the threat of impossible horrors of mass destruction. If today they show signs of intellectual battle fatigue, there is some reason for it. This general situation perhaps helps explain the diffidence of many intellectuals, at least of the older generation, toward joining community activities for which they are in general well equipped.

But now we approach a paradox. The description above, based more or less on common observation, does identify certain intellectuals of whom we all know at least a few specimens. On the other hand, a very careful study lasting many years and costing a quarter of a million dollars has been made by Dr. Lewis Terman of Stanford University and his colleagues, of hundreds of authentic high-intelligence people—all of them, in fact, with I.Q.'s above 140, which puts them into the indisputable range of the intellectual.

These people, taken as a group, show very few of the more or less neurotic traits discussed above. On the contrary, they are well adjusted, happy, outgoing—leaders of the community in every sense. Their earning power is as much above the average as their intelligence. (It would be higher still, Dr. Terman points out, except that so many of them take sanctuary in college faculties.)

An interesting scrap of supplementary information to reinforce this observation comes from the annual list of the people most admired by Americans, as reported by the American Institute of Public Opinion. This list, which begins this year with President Eisenhower, Sir Winston Churchill, and General Douglas MacArthur, goes on through about two score names. Only one or two of these, like Prime Minister Nehru and the television figure Edward R. Murrow, have the "personality profile" that would label them as highbrows in the Russell Lynes sense; yet almost every one on the list bears evidence of a formidable I.Q. In short, they would seem to be living demonstrations of the Terman finding that intellectuals can be successful community leaders.

I am sure I have telegraphed my punch, and that the answer to the paradox is clear. Most of the intellectuals have succeeded in making a satisfactory adjustment to the life situation in which they find themselves, and are not recognized as highbrows in the common derogatory sense. It is only a minority that is silently, in most cases unconsciously, at war with the world; for convenience, I am making an arbitrary use of a word and describing this fraction as the intelligentsia. These are the people who give brains a bad name. Their hostility to the community is recognized, and the unfavorable opinion of them thus engendered spills over and is applied to all intellectuals, in theory—though not, of course, to the great majority who have managed to take on a protective coloration.

When one considers how badly we bring up our highly gifted children, it is amazing that so few of them turn into neurotics. If a child has a high I.Q. and the parents learn of it, they are likely to broadcast their boastings throughout the neighborhood, making their offspring feel like a freak. Few schools have special courses—or any other proper provision—for the highly gifted, and the result

is that the child can do his schoolwork too easily, learns to get away with murder, and never acquires the habit of sustained and concentrated application. Experts in this subject feel that in many cases there is unconscious resentment by the teacher against the child whose I.Q. is 10 or 20 points higher than her own; it has been discovered, for example, that a teacher's listing of the brightest children in the group does not always coincide with the results of a scientific evaluation. If the parents of the gifted child are poor, he may become jealous of the personal possessions and scale of living of his duller but wealthier classmates. Perhaps worst of all is the tendency to have the bright child skip grades until he is far below the chronological age of those around him; they will baby him and make him feel even more abnormal. Because he is so much smaller than they, he will miss some or all of the rough-and-tumble play that every child needs. It is not surprising that the roster of those who were graduated from college years younger than their classmates contains such a surprisingly high proportion whose subsequent careers were a grievous disappointment.

It is obvious that we cannot afford the dreadful waste of our intellectuals that is going on at the present time. The shortage of scientists in this country has now become an open scandal, an important concomitant of the cold war (Russia at the moment is turning out two and one-half times as many scientific experts as we are, and competent judges say that on the average their quality is rather better than our own). You cannot be an outstanding scientist without an I.Q. of at least 130. But equally important, you can hardly be a leader of the community in any sense unless you come from this small and special group. Under the circumstances, it is really alarming that only one-half of our gifted citizens go to college, or get in any other way an equivalent training. We also cannot afford the smaller but still significant waste of human potential represented by the person who is handicapped and withdrawn from life by a superiority complex, even though it may be merely the obverse of an inferiority complex, as it probably is.

The Educational Policies Committee is a distinguished group set up by the National Education Association; among its members have

been Dwight D. Eisenhower (when he was President of Columbia), James B. Conant (when he was President of Harvard), Dr. William Jansen, New York City Superintendent of Schools, and Dr. John K. Norton of Teachers College, Columbia University. The E.P.C. believes that no gifted child should be barred from a college education by the poverty of his parents. As a rough rule of thumb, the Commission says that the top 10 per cent of our young people should get an A.B. degree, and the top one per cent should take postgraduate work. A large gift by the Ford Foundation is now being used, throughout the country, to make a beginning toward the realization of this ideal.

In so far as reconciliation of the whole body of intellectuals with the community is desirable, two things are helping it. The first is the growing acceptance of a business civilization as being, after all, much the better of the two alternatives by which the world is confronted. The second is the new "role and status" (in Merle Curti's phrase) of the scientist in a day when we rely on him to keep us from getting our heads blown off by devices he invented for us a little earlier.

As for those of the specially gifted who, because of personality problems, are less effective in the community than they ought to be, modern psychiatry is of course being groomed in the wings for the role of the U.S. Marines. I am far from suggesting that every member of the intelligentsia needs a psychoanalysis; but certainly, the general knowledge of a few fundamental psychiatric truths, the sort of knowledge now being disseminated pretty rapidly through the middle class in this country, should help the parents of the abnormally bright children of the next generation to keep them on an even keel. European experience shows us that it is not necessary for intellectuals as a whole to be distrusted; our own experience proves that many intellectuals are accepted, as long as they do not wear the label as a chip on the shoulder. There is good reason to believe that the minority of intellectuals who do create a sense of hostility in the rest of the community—and create some sense of discredit for intellectuals as a whole—can be greatly reduced in the next generation. And it is the next generation that matters.

A VILLAGE PROTEST

by Russell F. Wulff

THROUGHOUT India there is an increasing number of geographical pockets where the political sympathy of the villagers is predominantly with the Communist party of India. Andhra State in South India is one of these areas, particularly in the fertile delta regions of the rivers Kistna and Godavari. In these productive agricultural districts it is common to find in most villages a majority of the villagers supporting the Communist party. This village majority has been carefully consolidated by Communist workers from the large population groups: the landless laborers and the small landowner of one to ten acres.

Nidumole Harijan Pet is one of the more notorious villages in the Kistna Delta: a village of four hundred *harijans*,* all Communist in their political sentiments. Like most *harijan* settlements, Nidumole exists of necessity: landowners need laborers for their lands; the landless must live near the fields, on which life itself depends; so small plots of wasteland are set aside as laborers' village sites.

These communities are usually badly congested and unhealthy. The thick, low walls of the mud huts contain but a single room large enough to sleep six people. The dirt floor and walls inside are smoothly and neatly smeared with cow dung. The bamboo frame of the roof with its straw covering is black with soot from cow-dung fires and foods cooked within the hut. The air is stagnant and strong. A small doorway allows little light in the daytime, while the only light in the night is from a crude kerosene lamp.

Only narrow lanes separate these huts. Cow-dung patties cling to the hut walls or to the trunks of numerous date palms scattered throughout the village. Pigs, dogs, and other animals wander throughout the community, facilitating themselves at will. There

* *Harijan* is the name given the untouchables by Gandhi, meaning "the child of God."

is no drainage for the heavy rains of the October monsoon, and large pools of standing water and thick clay mud are maneuverable only barefoot. In the hot season the dusty earth becomes too scorching to linger. Stacks of straw, grinding mortars, and general debris litter the village.

This atmosphere always brought to my mind a comment of an Indian administrative officer: "The danger to India," he said, "is poverty, not Communism!" It should be added, however, that where there is consciousness of unattended poverty and inequality of human beings, there are dissatisfaction and seeds of Communism. And there is growing dissatisfaction among the villagers of India! Those of Nidumole will attest to this and give us a better understanding of why these people turn to the Communists.

There isn't space here to describe all of Nidumole's residents, but we can take one who is reasonably typical of the village and discover some of the causes of his unhappiness and dissidence. Let us use Maddula as that villager. I often met and talked with Maddula, under the large mango tree near the village well or in his humble home. Forty years old, Maddula is small and slight in physique, usually with several days' beard and unattended black wavy hair. His attitude is somewhat cocky, and his mind quick and cunning. Having had four years of schooling, he can read and write his native Telegu language.

His family was originally five, but his two daughters married and moved to their husbands' village, leaving only Maddula, his wife, and seventy-year-old mother.

Like all villagers here, Maddula is an untouchable or *harijan*, of a sect called Mala.* Maddula couldn't explain about the Malas, except to say that it was so in his family from ancient times. He knows that being a Mala carries many discriminations and limitations, imposed on him by caste people. He feels inferior to the caste people, although he tries to tell himself that he is their equal; but still he can't bring himself to act so when in their presence. He deeply resents his role and this resentment affects his dissenting mood. He feels that his inferiority is due to his impoverishment.

* Even the untouchables are stratified, like the various castes.

"To be poor," he said, "is to be inferior!"

He is poor indeed! Working in the fields as a coolie is not full employment: he works in almost every month of the year—so many days in the plowing, planting, weeding, and harvest seasons, the total number of days being less than six months. His average daily wage is between twenty-three and thirty cents, depending on the season, and his annual income is about forty dollars. Maddula's wife and mother also work as coolies, although for less wage and fewer days.

The family income provides only the barest minimum of clothing and food for nine months of the year. They eat only one full meal a day; and, like the other villagers, they complain of the high price of foods, particularly chilies. When the food supply is gone, the women beg from the near-by landowners.

Debt is common to all, for food, clothing, medicines, or marriages. Maddula's debt of thirty dollars, at 12 per cent interest, is owed to a near-by landowner. It was contracted more than ten years ago, and no payments have been made on the principal or interest, so the amount continues to grow. Maddula knows that he can never repay any part of it.

The health of Maddula's family is only fair. They all suffer from fevers, especially during the rainy season, and they spend about a week in bed at each attack. This worries Maddula because he knows that without work there is no food. Many other physical ailments can be found in Nidumole. While I was in the district, an epidemic of cholera swept the area; and, in Nidumole alone, twenty persons died within two days, without any medical attention from the outside.

One day, while visiting Maddula and some of his friends, my glance fell upon a youngster with a badly infected eye.

"Why don't you take him to the dispensary?" I asked, knowing that a government dispensary, where free medicines and medical attention are given, was less than a mile away.

"The doctor demands one rupee of us," Maddula explained. "If we don't pay him, he will refuse the child, saying that he doesn't know how to treat the matter." The villagers complained of other

practices at the dispensary, so they took their sick to the native doctor who is hardly adequate. These practices anger the villagers and undermine their confidence in government.

Being poor, sickly, and inferior worries Maddula. Yet there is nothing he can do about it, except work more—and there is no more work available. So he prays to God: not the temple God, for Maddula believes that It does nothing for him. "God is everywhere," Maddula explained, "so I speak to God directly—wherever It may be." He believes in God, although he has no confidence that It will help him. Maddula feels it may be inevitable that he bear his present burden.

The conditions and attitudes that we have attributed to Maddula prevail among all the villagers of Nidumole. Awareness of their plight has been brought home to them in the course of the political struggle for independence and now the effort to consolidate freedom. The Communists play a negative and destructive role in this effort: constantly raising issues of trouble that overshadow the accomplishments of government. Dissatisfaction and dissidence naturally result.

Maddula and his fellow villagers have lost their confidence in the Congress party government, and are outspoken in their dissatisfaction. At one time they were supporters of the Congress party and followers of Gandhi and Nehru in the fight for freedom. The villagers remember the promises of the party and its leaders, including the promise that after freedom land would be given to the landless. Now, the villagers say that seven years of independence have passed and these promises have not been kept. So the villagers of Nidumole have turned away from the present government party.

They were not as interested in which political party accomplished their demands—whether Congress, Socialist, or Communist—as they were in having their demands fulfilled.

"We want equality!" Maddula insisted. "And we want land!"

They want the landlords rooted out and the lands distributed equally to all persons. Only in this way, they say, can all persons be economically equal. Some villagers think the land should be collectivized while others would be satisfied with a five-acre-parcel

allocation. Immediately, the villagers want a minimum wage of two rupees (forty-six cents) per day for their work as coolies.

These villagers expressed their political opinions quite frankly:

"Congress has already failed us; the Socialists make promises without any experience to back them up; only the Communists have already proved themselves—in Russia and China! So we shall give the Communists a chance here!"

For the last seven years, Communist teaching has been going on in this and other villages. Local Communists tell the villagers about Russia, China, and Communism, and how these ideas apply to the problems of India. Literature and newspapers are distributed here and read by those who can to those who cannot read.

One day in Nidumole I was sitting in a palm-covered mud hut, the community gathering place, over which hung a red flag with white hammer and sickle. On the walls of the hut were pictures of Stalin and Lenin and the local Communist MLA's (Member of Legislative Assembly of Andhra State).

"What have you learned from these men?" I asked the assembled villagers.

"We have learned equality!" they replied. "Russia is a classless country!"

"We are impressed that Lenin and Stalin stopped famine by making people work hard," others added. They explained that Russian leaders tried to use peaceful ways in improving food production, but they failed because people would not work hard. Then forceful methods were adopted.

When I asked whether force was ever justified, the villagers replied that people are lazy and the only way they could be taught to work was by using force. Such is the situation in India, they said.

These *harijans* have been carefully propagandized. It was evident that the local Communist workers knew how to make their propaganda acceptable to the villagers of Nidumole.

"In China," a villager of Nidumole told me, "before the Communists, Chiang Kai-shek's government was deficit and had to lean on foreign countries. Chiang said the land would not produce sufficient food for the people, so outside aid was necessary." Notice

how the Congress party government, which is accepting foreign aid, is made to appear similar to Chiang's party.

"And in Old China there was oppressive landlordism!" added a young villager, implying that such was the case in India.

These people claimed that within a year of the formation of the Red government, land distribution had been achieved and the landlords rooted out, that irrigation projects had been built and waste areas converted into fertile and productive fields where more food crops were grown.

Maddula was quite impressed with the performance of Red China, too. "They distributed land to the landless," he said, "within fifteen days of the government's appropriation of land (another blow at the Congress government!). . . . They did this because the holdings of landlords were too large to be productive. It was distributed in small, productive plots." This propaganda is carefully directed against the local landlords who argue that large holdings are more productive.

"While Chiang's government was deficit," it was pointed out to me, "the Communist government is sound—in fact, it lends money now to other nations!" This definitely impressed these villagers, for such an alleged accomplishment brings respect and independence to a country and a people.

I asked them whether the Communist party would follow a policy of violence, as in Russia and China. They replied that in India the Communist party would pursue a peaceful approach: through the people's franchise. If the way is blocked, some of the villagers were insistent that violence would be used, even in the face of a superior force from the army and police.

In the Kistna Delta, the Communists have gained support of landless laborers, the untouchables, and now are extending their influence. Maddula indicated where the Communists are making their further bid: "We expect to get the support of the small landowner." And such was the case: the peaceful line was paying off. Not only the small landowner, but some disgruntled large landholders are giving support to the Communist party on the understanding that the party follow peaceful methods. Some of these

landholders are aligning themselves with the Communists as a reaction to personality differences and petty jealousies in the village, which situations the Communist workers carefully exploit. Since my first visit in the Kistna Delta in 1951, I would estimate the advance in Communist strength at 20 per cent.

One day, while talking to a villager, I stumbled onto an important political rift that had developed within the Communist ranks of Nidumole.

On the eve of last year's panchayat (local village government) election, which did not involve Nidumole at all, the local Communist MLA came to Nidumole and held a meeting in which he sought funds for use in the election.

Maddula is said to have stood up and with great courage voiced a protest: "For five years," he stated, "you have come to us and asked for funds, and we have given from our meager earnings. With these funds you have fed others, traveled, and lived well, while we are still poor. Now you come to us and ask for more funds—for an election that does not involve us at all."

With even greater courage he continued: "Besides, what have you done for us, since your election two years ago? Nothing! You say that Congress has done nothing, but this is not true. At least they have built us a well, although it was the contractor who defrauded us, and they have started a labor school for our children!"

With that Maddula is said to have sat down, backed by more than a majority of the villagers, and the Communist MLA abruptly adjourned the meeting and left the village with the young leader of the other village faction.

Maddula's group supports the Communist cause out of dissatisfaction with the present government, while the other village faction is Communist by conviction and loyalty. This former group believes in the promises of the Communist party, particularly land reform, and wants these promises accomplished peacefully. The other village group blindly follows the Communist party leaders, regardless of whether the policy is one of peace or violence, as in 1948–50 when more than one hundred persons were killed in this delta area.

The feeling between these two factions still runs high. Several months after this meeting, there was a lathee charge (a fight with bamboo sticks) between the two groups, in which several of the villagers were severely beaten.

The difference between these two village factions gives hope to the future. While the minority group in Nidumole cannot be shaken from its loyalty to the Communist party, the other can. Maddula's followers assured me that they would once again support the Congress party if its leaders would but fulfill their promises to them.

Time, however, is short!

Better is knowledge than mere mental exercise; better is concentration than knowledge, but better than concentration is the renunciation of the fruits of action. Because peace immediately follows renunciation.

—BHAGAVAD-GITA

SEMANTICS OF THE COMMONWEALTH

by Lionel Gelber

THE British Commonwealth, which seemed after World War II to have no future in Asia, has since emerged as a major element in maintaining a bridge between free Asia and the West. This is partly the result of gratitude for services rendered during some of the more hazardous moments of the cold war, but there is also the added incentive for the Commonwealth units to stick together in an effort to convert themselves into a joint stabilizer of peace.

Nevertheless, the world power of Britain is the principal cohesive force, and without it a few of her associates might have fallen by the wayside long ago. Afrikaner ultranationalists, like the Irish and Burmese before them, may still prefer to secede. If, by withdrawal, they tear their own country asunder, certainly more harm will be done to the South African Union than to the Commonwealth group. Even a power so averse to the defense policies of the West as India may derive comfort from the world power of her Commonwealth partner, Britain. After the Big Four meeting in Geneva, it was reported that a better understanding of the strength given by the Commonwealth to Britain had been left by Mr. Nehru during his recent visit to Moscow. But the value to other Commonwealth members, both neutralists and interventionists, of British power as a global safeguard is also implicit in any such presentation.

Not that the Prime Minister of India would subscribe in all particulars to the same concept of the Commonwealth as Sir Anthony Eden—or Mr. Louis St. Laurent. He does not have to. Each member of the Commonwealth has its own motives for desiring to perpetuate its membership, and so far as these converge with those of the other partners, the Commonwealth persists. As its pivot, Britain has a larger stake in the Commonwealth than any of her

partners, but she still has Empire responsibilities to reconcile with her participation in a partnership some of whose members are either opposed to the idea of empire or have entirely cut loose from it. Britain occupies an ambiguous position because her power is more ramified internationally, economically, and constitutionally than that of the other members. What the British need is a single formula which will cover both sets of overseas connections, but it is doubtful that one can be devised in which, as a voluntary association of free and independent sovereignties, the very nature of the Commonwealth will not be blurred.

In formal proceedings this was illustrated a few years ago when British troops were dispatched to British Guiana and that dependency's rights of limited self-government were reduced. "Her Majesty's Government," said Mr. Oliver Lyttleton, then Colonial Secretary, "are not prepared to tolerate the setting up of a Communist state within the British Commonwealth." The objective may have been a sound one, but was it not the Empire rather than the Commonwealth which the Colonial Secretary should have mentioned? Between these two entities, the Commonwealth and the Empire, the distinction is crucial, and a ministerial habit of evading it is significant. Westminster still had the authority to suspend the constitution of British Guiana. There could be no more conclusive proof than this that British Guiana was not an independent country, and that the problem therefore should be handled as a colonial one. A Commonwealth and not an Empire designation was nevertheless employed.

For the language of politics to conceal its realities is, of course, no novelty. And no one who is familiar with the Commonwealth, or with the political system from which it sprang, would demand neat, precise definitions or absolute criteria. In speaking of the Commonwealth-Empire nexus, however, British statesmen do not lapse into semantic ambiguities because these are more convenient verbally. They are evidence of Britain's own political struggle, valiant and not unavailing, to keep her place in the sun.

That double-barreled, Churchillian phrase, with its hint of past glories, "Commonwealth and Empire" has been used more and

more. Yet there is no such thing, for these two aggregations are in wholly different categories. Empire domains which come under the sway of one country are not on a par with the wider Commonwealth association itself. To pair them together as though they are, or to treat them as interchangeable, obscures the Comonwealth's own special character.

There has been an organic bond between the Commonwealth and the British Empire but they are not Siamese twins. Where Britain could once operate in a single overseas capacity, she now has two distinct functions to discharge. As a member of the Commonwealth, even as bellwether of the flock, she is an equal among equals; as custodian for that massive agglomeration of over forty colonies, protectorates, protected states, and trust territories which is the traditional empire, she stands alone. Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa also own dependencies, and the Commonwealth must include their possessions. As the Commonwealth extends its ambit, a scale of priorities is reversed. After World War I they described themselves as "autonomous communities within the British Empire"; this, however, was changed by World War II with the secession of Ireland and Burma, and the entry of the Asian countries into the Commonwealth circle. Today the British Empire exists within the Commonwealth rather than the other way around.

Then, too, there is the campaign against colonialism with which, at the United Nations and elsewhere, the Asian powers of the Commonwealth have been identified. That they continue in the Commonwealth partnership, either as Commonwealth monarchies, or as Commonwealth republics, is a tribute to its worth. But with convictions so passionately anticolonial, can they be satisfied to adhere to a "Commonwealth and Empire"—or just a Commonwealth? There is the United States, which also deems herself anticolonial, even though some of her hemisphere defenses are based on her own past imperialism, and even though, without the far-flung possessions of her allies, much of her foreign policy would be pointless. Nowadays, for the sake of unity in the West, the American people have had to know more about the Commonwealth. Yet as long as the Commonwealth is bracketed with an Empire it has outgrown, its nature will not be clear.

Another omnibus term, for entities so incommensurable, may be hard to find. Some British officials, dropping that quest, adopt an easier solution: they simply assume that what has to be dealt with is not two entities but one. Discarding the "Empire" label altogether, they substitute "Commonwealth" indiscriminately. The Commonwealth term may be applied not only to its actual partners but to lands and peoples which are, in the main, subordinate to one of their members. Also, the Commonwealth has not supplanted the Empire; each, in its own sphere, still goes on. The units of the British Empire move from tutelage to independence through a British process, and it is through Britain that these two spheres intersect, but they do not merge. Nor would it help, as has been suggested, to mark off colonies from full Commonwealth members by listing them as "Commonwealth countries." Semantically awkward, this expedient would also run counter to established principle. For Commonwealth stature, as distinguished from various degrees of inequality, connotes an achieved equality—and if it does not mean that, then what does it mean?

The origins of the Commonwealth, the state of international affairs, and the redistribution of global power in our time all help to explain these semantic anomalies. It is through her overseas affinities that Britain's historic role, in all its multiplicity, is strengthened. To sort out an Empire which belongs to her from a Commonwealth to which she belongs might weaken her position.

There are certain imponderables which bind Britain's associates to her: sentiment, common traditions of law and public life, transplanted modes of democracy. But, as the sinews of her position and prestige, there is also a community of more tangible attachments—the economic and the strategic.

Numbering with their dependencies one-quarter of the earth's population, the eight or nine sovereign partners of the Commonwealth transact one-third of world trade. Nearly half of this is facilitated by preferential tariff agreements and sterling monetary arrangements among themselves—although Canada is a dollar country and several nonmember countries have joined the sterling area. Colonial territories, with a population of 75 million, augment the

flow of trade and payments. To the sterling area's dollar pool they contributed $436 million in 1950, $488 million in 1951, $389 million in 1952, $284 million in 1953, and $303 million in 1954—the lower figures reflecting the recent decline in the price of primary products. As banker and clearinghouse for the entire group—Commonwealth and colonial—Britain gains. However, some benefits are reaped by each of its segments and indeed by all of the countries in the West to whom their economic viability is of concern.

For liberals who urge both the liquidation of Empire and an ampler freedom of trade, there is a certain incongruity in the extent to which the largest of multilateral trading areas is served by colonial adjuncts which still have no final say over their own destinies. How would these territories have fared otherwise? Here, as in so much else, Americans must again look homeward: the whole preferential-sterling complex, directly or indirectly attributable to the British, has, for a quarter of a century, been a means of offsetting American protectionism.

Colonial territories, as they advance toward self-government, can regulate imports into their own domestic markets. A shift, too, has begun from overconcentration on raw material exports which supply the factories of the United Kingdom and other industrialized countries to secondary industries on the spot. This change would not be feasible without the communication facilities which Britain has built in her colonies and the hydroelectric schemes which she has planned.

Since exploitation in the classic sense of economic imperialism has waned, the British are all the more inclined to drift from the concept of an Empire to that of a Commonwealth. There is one piece of evidence which, if the American Revolution is recalled, would make Lord North turn over in his grave: while her colonies pay no taxes to Britain, Britain taxes herself on behalf of the colonies. Since World War II, £220 million has been allocated by the British Parliament to Colonial Development and Welfare Funds—two-thirds more being obtained from loans and local revenues.

From 1949 to the end of 1954 the sterling balances of the British colonies rose from £582 million to £1,226 million. Critics in

London have asked: Did so huge an increase—£644 million—in so short a period redound to the good of the colonies themselves? The answer is that these sterling balances were piled up during comparatively favorable years, and should they be reinvested in leaner times—plowed back into the colonies themselves—their accumulation will certainly not have been solely to Britain's financial profit. There may be disparities in status between units of that preferential-sterling complex over which Britain presides, but these are considered less important, in her eyes, than the over-all financial and commercial solidarity attained.

Because of her overseas ties—those with her own dependencies as well as with Commonwealth partners—Britain has always refused to merge with a full-fledged West European federation. For no exterior bonds could, in so complete an integration, be retained by any of its separate components. Supranational features were proposed for the new Western European Union. But these were not as extensive as those of the Coal-Steel Pool, which Britain supports but has not joined, or those of the European Defense Community, which the French, fearing German domination, would not enter without Britain. The chief source of Britain's regional vitality in Europe remains that global network of which she is still the center.

The East-West contest has strengthened the British tendency to lump the Empire and the Commonwealth together, for among her constitutional peers, Britain alone controls interests which are world-wide. Her experience with these in two major wars must inevitably cause London to think of Empire dependencies and Commonwealth partners not as individual strands but as one interwoven fabric of strategic power. Other members of the Commonwealth do not scan the horizon from quite the same angle of vision. India, which has been isolationist, hoped from the outset that Communist China would pursue an Asian good neighbor policy. But the rest tend, when questions of strategy arise, to fix their eyes more on Washington than London. Yet when Britain resists American pressure she wants to have her dependencies and her Commonwealth partners aligned with her in one vast global array. Members of the Commonwealth, both Asian and non-Asian, did draw together when-

ever, during the course of the Korean War or the Indochinese crisis, confidence in American wisdom was shaken. Although divergent paths have been taken by interventionists and neutralists within the group, the fact that they take counsel with each other testifies to their interdependence.

Throughout the twentieth century, Anglo-American friendship has been a key to American diplomacy; however, strategic deals of their own which the Commonwealth partners make with the United States are not always to Britain's liking. The countries recognize the mutualities of Commonwealth defense, but in their negotiations they are less apt than Britain to treat the Commonwealth and the British Empire as a single entity. The British were vexed when Australia and New Zealand let the United States omit them from the Anzus Pact. Also they were angry at first when Washington began to foster an accord, supplemented by arms from the United States, between Pakistan and Turkey. They were worried lest such arrangements have an adverse effect on India and on her quarrel, within the Commonwealth, with Pakistan. Yet, this is not an attitude that the British have always taken. For instance, they could never resent the bilateral tie-up between Ottawa and Washington over North American defense. Attitudes which appear inconsistent are, however, not really so at all. What has to be reckoned with, in each of these Commonwealth equations, is the presence or absence of the Empire factor.

Britain plays regional variations on a global theme. For more than half a century, ever since London burned her fingers over the Alaskan boundary dispute, Canada has been making her own continental adjustments with the United States. The current notion of equal status within the Commonwealth owes much to her insistence upon doing this—a point neglected by British scholars. Elsewhere in the American hemisphere, the Caribbean colonies of Britain have lived for a long time under the Monroe Doctrine's sheltering wing. Then there is Western Europe, where the United Kingdom itself has more than overseas affiliations; where NATO and the Western European Union are engagements on which its regional security reposes. The British, however, alter their approach when they tackle

affairs in the western Pacific, Southeast Asia, and the Middle East—regions to which New Zealand, Australia, India, and Pakistan either belong or have closer access. For those are corners of the earth where Britain is involved not only as a member of the Commonwealth but also as an imperial power in her own right.

Striking two notes as one, the British are perplexed when any of their partners cavil at the sound. Strength in distant regions increases strength at home; yet whenever Britain wields her outlying strength it also adds to the local defense of the other Commonwealth members who happen to be situated near by. This is a view of reciprocal advantage on which Australia and New Zealand have proceeded (looking at Singapore, Malaya, or the Mediterranean route), but is one which the Asian powers of the Commonwealth, who are anticolonial, have been more loath to accept. If Britain and France had been brought in at the start, the Anzus Pact might have become the regional nucleus for that larger defense treaty in Southeast Asia which the United States was afterward to promote. However, the anticolonial powers shrank from guarantees of the territorial status quo—even their own. It is ironical that Britain should have been cold-shouldered by the Anzus signatories out of deference to the anticolonial susceptibilities of her Asian partners. Ceylon, abstaining from the Manila Pact, leases an air and naval base to Britain, and three of the five Colombo powers, India, Pakistan, and Ceylon, are members of the Commonwealth. Britain has had to combat the doubts among them over the conduct of American foreign policy.

Neutralism, as well as anticolonialism, influences the outlook of free Asia. India is the strictest in treating these two doctrines as one. Commonwealth membership keeps her in touch with the West, but through her *rapprochement* with Communist China she has tried to hold the balance even. Pakistan, however, sees danger in any pan-Asian façade behind which, as Western imperialism retreats, Eastern imperialism marches on. Desiring in any case to fortify herself against her Indian rival, she has thrown in her lot with the West. But her neighborhood is one in which, among NATO powers, the colonial interests of Britain are predominant. It is also

one in which, as a Commonwealth power, Britain dare not take sides between India and Pakistan in their Kashmir dispute. What may be observed is that when Pakistan, casting neutralism overboard, commits herself to the security system of the West, she does it through Washington and Ankara and not through London. Australia and New Zealand, despite their more intimate relations with the British people, their own colonial responsibilities, and their reliance on the status quo in Southeast Asia, awaited an initiative from Washington rather than London before they endorsed any project for collective defense on the Asian mainland.

Some of this paradoxical situation comes from the primacy of the United States in the free world, some from the two hats—Commonwealth partnership and Empire governance—which Britain must wear simultaneously, and some from the tug within the Commonwealth combine itself of varied national interests. Political divergences might be surmounted, but even when these abate, psychological ones are always at work. Commonwealth partners reaffirm their own unsubordinated nationhood when they make plain to Britain where she may, and where she may not, exhibit a proprietary air. Contrariwise, national pride might inspire the semantic inexactitudes to which the British are prone. It is not surprising that they should lump together Commonwealth partnership and Empire dependencies in one big, undifferentiated whole. At a time when their pre-eminence is vanishing they might still impress outsiders with their world power, and, above all, reassure themselves.

Economics and strategy are not the only fields in which there are reasons for semantic anomalies. Another is provided by the manner in which new members are elected to the Commonwealth partnership. For here Britain retains a prerogative, rooted in a common Empire origin, which is virtually innate. In theory, any of her Commonwealth partners could sponsor a colonial ward for membership—they would not be equal if this were not so. In practice, candidates under British auspices are the only ones who may make a bid at present. But what if that bid should be opposed by some other Commonwealth member? It is axiomatic that, in the composi-

tion of an equal partnership, all must have an equal voice. The Commonwealth partners have a right to be heard on the aspirations of a British dependency only late in the growth of its autonomy. So they may either acquiesce in *faits accomplis*, or, balking, take a stand whose consequences could be grave. For when the United Kingdom offers an Empire unit full self-government, a seat at the Commonwealth table is also promised. As novitiates are prepared for higher status, it is expected that the old bonds will be preserved. But fellow members of the Commonwealth would have to be unanimous in letting Britain redeem her pledges. If dissent should occur, what would be the repercussion of a rebuff on a rejected British colony, and on Commonwealth partners who are themselves anticolonial?

If the South African Union secedes from the Commonwealth, the colonial candidates in British Africa perhaps would not have to run the gamut of a racist veto from Capetown and Pretoria. Even on liberal grounds, however, dependencies in the Caribbean and Malaya, the new Central African Federation (despite its white ascendancy), and the Negro experiment in self-government on the Gold Coast may fail to qualify.

Two Commonwealth principles are in conflict here and they are both valid. Self-determination is the first principle. Secondly there are standards in the conduct of domestic affairs which the Commonwealth, as a cluster of democracies, must uphold. How far may primitive communities fall short and yet be entitled to admission? Among the present members a certain level of civilization, European or Asian, prevails, but to fit East Africa into that picture may be to alter it, perhaps fundamentally. By spanning cultural gulfs the Commonwealth can endure, but the utmost semantic ingenuity might falter over the millenial ones. Members of the Commonwealth have deplored a denial of basic freedoms to the nonwhite majority in South Africa, and certainly there have been backslidings in the functioning of Pakistan as a representative democracy. How genuine, among several recent candidates, are the prospects for democracy? Britain has been taking, from her own imperial dilemma, an enlightened way out. A Commonwealth dilemma may loom up as a result.

Summer Morning

LESTER A. LEE

Vernonia at daybreak: beyond its streets
The sun, entangled, throbs along the wires
Of the power line that spans the stolid hill.
Primeval morning's pulsing, beating fires
Now press the town to dreams whose patterns will
Reflect what past, and cast the swelling day
In what mold? Will other mornings laced with night
Return in this? Or can we dream that they
In dark's brief death died?

Crouched above its spur, the sawmill gleams,
Galvanized, and gathers logs and men
From the woods and the town, so that it seems
Some magic takes form in it. Once again
We wait to know the sign by which we're known,
And look to the sun, trapped in our bright wires.
Then the mill, a singing, crackled crystal bone,
Splinters into meaning.

The bitter keening of metal torn away
From earth and forced in its own softer flesh
Shrills suddenly and precipitates day.
The sun, escaped, arcs toward night.

LUSIN'S "AH Q": A REJECTED IMAGE OF CHINESE CHARACTER

by John H. Weakland

MODERN Chinese fiction, which is often sharply critical of traditional Chinese patterns of living, offers valuable insight into what is rejected in past culture and character and also into imagined or envisioned counter-images for future realization. This, in turn, mirrors some of the qualities of the political character of the people. From a casual investigation, the literary and, by extension, political image of what should be rejected is much clearer and more prominent than is any image of an ideal to be achieved.

Since fiction is richer and more easily analyzed than directly political writings, "Our Story of Ah Q" by Lusin in *Ah Q and Others* (translated by C. C. Wang, Columbia University Press, 1941) is especially important for any consideration of an image of the self-rejected in Chinese character: a picture of what Chinese themselves see as Chinese faults. Such information from fiction on the rejected and the hoped-for is clearly relevant to Chinese politics.

Lusin is generally appraised as one of the greatest modern Chinese writers, and his character Ah Q—"not an average Chinese but a person who contains the universal weaknesses of the Chinese"—has passed from literature into the daily thought and speech of contemporary China as "the symbol of everything that is undesirable and contemptible in the Chinese character." His story follows.

I

Ah Q, having no home, lived in the temple of Wei village and worked by day at various jobs. No one of any consequence paid any attention to him, except when an extra laborer was needed, and the village idlers made fun of him, quarreled with him, and beat

him. When he had any money he drank wine and gambled. He always lost except for one time when he won and was promptly beaten and robbed by the gamblers.

He became famous in the village, however. His Honor Chao's son passed the imperial examinations. Ah Q, rather drunk, announced "that it was a great honor for him because he and His Honor Chao were kinsmen and that he, Ah Q, was, come to think of it, three generations higher than the new licentiate in the family tree." Very soon after this, Ah Q was summoned to His Honor's house by the village constable. His Honor berated Ah Q and slapped his face, and the constable "accepted two hundred *cash* from him for wine money." Yet, Ah Q's position in the village rose from this contact with His Honor.

Indeed, Ah Q was so emboldened that he got into a fight with Wang the Beard but he was beaten by Wang. This so upset him that he said "Bald head!" aloud, instead of under his breath, when the son of His Honor Chien, who had only a false queue, passed by. He was, of course, beaten again for this. Ah Q finally gained relief from the resentment he felt from such indignities by insulting a little nun who came by—even stroking her bald head and pinching her cheeks.

This aroused Ah Q's dormant passion, despite his long-standing "strict vigilance against contamination by women." He became so preoccupied by thoughts of women that while sitting in His Honor Chao's kitchen one evening with Wu-ma, the maid, he suddenly said, "I'll sleep with you!" This terrified her and Ah Q got a sound beating from the Chaos.

After this, no one would employ Ah Q. Instead they hired little Don, whom Ah Q had considered as being beneath even Wang the Beard. Little Don and Ah Q quarreled and fought but it was a deadlock; Ah Q now could not even beat little Don. So he robbed the nunnery garden of a few vegetables and left for the city, as he was starving in the village.

He reappeared some time later with plenty of money for wine and a new coat; therefore he was treated with great respect. He also had some good secondhand garments to sell, cheap. It was soon

disclosed that Ah Q had been a thief in the city, but only in a minor role: he waited outside for things to be handed to him. Finally he had fled back to Wei one night after his inside companions had caused a great disturbance.

About this time the revolution against the Manchu dynasty was beginning. Ah Q, already drunk with wine, became intoxicated with the idea of revolution and went about shouting revolutionary slogans. The whole village, including His Honor Chao, now feared Ah Q again and they all became deferential to him. The next day he went to revolutionize the convent. But he found that it had already been "revolutionized" and robbed by young Chao and young Chien, for they had discovered that the real revolutionaries had reached the city during the night, and they had hastened to act against the Manchus and in favor of the republic. They rejected Ah Q's attempt to join them as a fellow revolutionist.

Then the Chaos were robbed and Ah Q was arrested for this by the police of the city, as the magistrate there had left some valuables with the Chaos. Questioned by the revolutionary authorities—who only a few days previously had been the imperial authorities, Ah Q had no idea what was going on and made his mark on a confession. The captain had said to the magistrate that it was more important to make an example than to recover the loot because he (the captain) had been a revolutionary for twenty days but had, despite ten robberies, made only this one arrest, and his prestige was threatened. So Ah Q was paraded through the streets in a cart as a warning. The thought came to him that he was about to be executed and that he should sing songs of defiance, but he could not recall any that were appropriate. At last, as he realized that he really was about to die, he tried to shout—but he was shot.

II

Ah Q is the central figure in this story, not by contrast, but by extreme typicality. The other natives of Wei, and the people of the city as well, have the same fundamental attitudes as Ah Q himself. For example, Ah Q is a shifting opportunist, currying favor with those who have money and power. But when he himself re-

turns to the village as a successful thief, the villagers look up to him and the women no longer avoid him, but wish to buy his stolen goods. When they find out that he was only a small thief and has quit, they no longer respect him. But when he appears to be a revolutionary and so a dangerous man, even Their Honors Chao and Chien speak respectfully to him as he formerly did to them.

Thus the story itself portrays Ah Q as exhibiting, only in greater degree, the "universal weaknesses of the Chinese." A number of such themes or traits of character, depicted in various ways and places in the original story, can here be listed fairly systematically.

First of all, it might be expected that Ah Q would be realistic, especially since he is so conservative that the most profound and basic possible fact about any matter is that it is established practice, in the nature of things—as he knows them.

Even when he first realizes that he may die: "He felt an acute distress at one moment, but in another moment he was at peace with the world, probably feeling that it was in the nature of things that some people should be unlucky enough to have their heads off." Yet such "realism" seems not quite adequate even for Ah Q. A few moments later the realization that he, himself, actually is to be executed breaks over him again and far more powerfully, and he recalls one time when he was pursued and frightened by a wolf. But except for those two occasions of actual realism—and great fear—he seems to perceive and deal with things distantly and impersonally, and simultaneously avoids many of their unpleasant aspects.

Much of Ah Q's awareness and activity is channeled through considerations of proper forms, which seem nonpersonal and which actually intervene between the individual and his situation. Even as Ah Q is on his way to execution, he is much more aware that there should be proper songs of defiance for such occasions (though he does not know any) than he is of the significance of imminent execution.

Second, it often seems that words and realities are discrepant, so that awareness in terms of words confuses rather than clarifies his view of situations. Resounding and pretentious words (often

stereotyped phrases from the old culture of China), and presumably similar images in Ah Q's mind, are used in connection with very small events. Ah Q and little Don, holding each other by the queue, mill about inconclusively for half an hour: "Thus this 'strife betwixt dragon and tiger' ended without deciding the issue. . . ."

Third, vagueness plays a major role in Ah Q's perceptions. Often this vagueness has positive value for him: "Once an old man praised him, saying 'What a hard worker Ah Q is!' At that moment Ah Q, stripped to the waist, was standing idle, doing nothing at all. Others were not sure whether the old man was being sincere or sarcastic, but Ah Q, *not being so precise*, was greatly pleased."

Ah Q is vague about the past as well as the present. He refers to it, but he is very unspecific: "When engaged in quarrels he would sometimes allude to his past, saying, 'We used to be much better off than you! Who do you think you are?' " but his actual past was unknown. Also, he is forgetful to the advantage of his peace of mind, apparently a corollary of his convenient "not being so precise." After a humiliating beating "forgetfulness, a treasured trait inherited from his ancestors, came to his aid and enabled him to regain his complacency by the time he reached the tavern."

Ah Q's vagueness about external matters is joined by a certain vagueness about his own self—a form of dissociation in which he is aware of only very selected aspects of his involvement in situations. So when he is beaten by someone, he turns defeat into victory internally: "Ah Q inevitably lost and ended up by being held by the queue while his head was thumped noisily against the wall. This was, of course, only an outward defeat. After his adversary had gone with the laurels of victory, Ah Q would say to himself, 'I have been beaten by my son. What a world we live in today!' and he too would go off satisfied and spiritually victorious." That is, by fantasy, he put himself in the paternal role, then paid attention to the status involved rather than the actual beating.

It is evident, though, that Ah Q's capacity for vagueness and unawareness also caused him real trouble. As a major instance, he was so fully unaware of the significance of everything at his trial that he made no effort at all to defend himself and state his

innocence. Another instance occurs when Ah Q himself lets out the true story of his very petty role as a thief, and thus loses all the prestige he had as a dangerous person. Also, after Ah Q has tried to seduce the Chaos' maid and every family in the village avoids him, "Ah Q was completely mystified. They used to have lots of work to be done, he thought, how could they have suddenly ceased to have any work at all?" He then nearly starves from inability to realize what has occurred.

Again, on the only occasion Ah Q ever won at gambling, the gamblers start a fight, beat him, and make off with the money. He is almost totally confused and unable to follow what has happened, though he eventually realizes the money is gone and he feels bad. His answer to this trouble is a *further* dissociation and split: "He raised his right hand and gave himself two good slaps in the face. This restored his humor, as if one Ah Q had struck another Ah Q, and, after a while, as if Ah Q had struck someone else—although it was his own face that tingled with pain. And he lay down to sleep as victor, as pleased with himself as ever."

Besides a vagueness and unawareness of the existing situation and himself, Ah Q also excels at positive construction of situations—and images of himself—via active fantasy. At times his powers of fantasy are aided by wine, but this aid is not really essential. For instance it is only in fantasy that Ah Q becomes a revolutionist: "Ah Q had been very hard put to it recently and felt a grudge against the world. Furthermore, he had just drunk two cups of wine on an empty stomach and was feeling the effects. He walked on and thought about the revolutionaries, and was again sailing on airy feet. By some curious process of reasoning he came to feel that he was, indeed, one of the dreaded revolutionaries and that the villagers were his prisoners."

But later, Ah Q is rebuffed by young Chien, who really had contact with the revolutionaries, and Ah Q's fantasies are shattered by reality—briefly. . . . "His heart filled with a melancholy despair. The false foreigner, his only entree to the revolutionary party, had forbidden him to revolt; thenceforward he could no longer expect revolutionaries in white helmets and white armor to

summon him to action—his talents, aspirations, hopes and his career were all destroyed by the prohibition." But soon he "went to the tavern and gulped down two cups of wine, on credit. Gradually his spirits were restored and in his fertile imagination there again appeared fragments of shattered white helmets and white armor." Since Ah Q cannot often tell fantasy from reality, he may draw conclusions and act on the basis of the fantasies—totally out of contact with the real situation. The village leaders also have difficulty distinguishing reality and fantasy for they are deferential to Ah Q when he, carried away by fantasy, sings revolutionary songs.

III

While Ah Q is vague and unaware of large matters, he may be very precise and aware about things we would consider trifles, and he may attach great importance to them. For instance, he finds very important any matter at all in which he is superior. When he teases the little nun, he is greatly elated over this victory: "It is said that some conquerors must have foes like tigers and eagles in order to derive any satisfaction from their victories, that foes like lambs or chickens give them no pleasure in conquest. . . . Ah Q was not afflicted with such flaws in his nature. He was always happy in his victories."

Similarly, Ah Q makes a great deal out of his knowledge and experience. "The few trips that he had undertaken to the city naturally contributed to his pride, though he had no use for city folks either. . . . In frying fish, people in Wei used pieces of green onions half an inch in length, but in the city they cut the onion up in fine shreds. This . . . was absurd and laughable. But what ignorant country louts were the people of Wei! They had never seen how fish was fried in the city!"

Ah Q clearly combined precision on one side with vagueness on another when, being beaten, he was made to admit that he was "nothing but a worm." The transformation of this admission comes: "In less than ten seconds Ah Q would also go away in triumph, for he felt that surely he was the most self-deprecatory of men and is not a superlative—the first or the most of anything—a distinction to be

achieved and envied?" Ah Q's concern over small matters sometimes has negative results for him. On signing his confession of guilt, he is much bothered by his failure to make his mark neatly—and this only. This, perhaps, served to keep from his mind concerns over his imminent fate. But he is equally upset by a small matter in another instance: when the worthless Wang the Beard manages to catch many more fleas from his coat than Ah Q does.

Ah Q, therefore, seems to have unusual standards of what is important and not important. This is again shown after the great fiasco of making his proposition to the Chaos' maid. He had fled back to his room, not only beaten and with his shirt left behind, but also in very serious disgrace. However, "That evening, as the sun went down, Ah Q began to feel that something was definitely wrong with the world. After a careful analysis he came to the conclusion that it was because he had nothing on above his waist." He finds he still has a winter shirt, puts it on, and falls peacefully to sleep. Perhaps this is the oft-mentioned "practicality" of the Chinese.

Immediacy as a value or deep concern for the moment is again apparent when Ah Q accidently curses young Chien, "the false foreigner" who has no queue, aloud rather than under his breath as usual, and Chien rushes at Ah Q with his stick. "Instantly Ah Q realized that he was going to receive a thrashing. He tightened his muscles and hunched up his shoulders and waited. . . . Whack! Whack! Whack! . . . Fortunately the whack-whack seemed to give him a measure of relief, as though ending some suspense for him." Anything is better than inner tension for Ah Q. After the incident with the maid Ah Q is at first disturbed, "sensing that something was very much amiss," but then he is beaten and "curiously enough the rebuke and the beating seemed to have had a quieting effect on him and to have purged him of all anxieties."

IV

This value of immediacy coupled with an extreme dislike of any inner tension seems related to the facile opportunism and ready adaptiveness which Ah Q and his fellow villagers so markedly ex-

hibit. Whenever anyone mentioned certain scars on Ah Q's head, "Ah Q would become red in the face and would either curse or fight according to whether the offender was slow of words or weak of limb."

Ah Q behaves in a similar fashion in his dispute with Wang the Beard: "Ah Q thought that the Beard was going to run, so he rushed forward and struck with his fist. But the Beard caught hold of it and gave it a jerk. As Ah Q fell forward, the Beard had him by the queue and was about to bang his head against the wall. 'A gentleman argues with his tongue rather than his fists,' Ah Q remonstrated."

This sort of adaptiveness, a ready shifting of one's ground to fit the situation, is also very apparent in connection with the significance of important persons. Ordinarily, events in Wei clearly are evaluated not by *what* was done, but by *who* did it. Anything connected with a person of importance becomes important. Thus "In Wei, it was considered an event only when Their Honors Chao and Chien went to the city; even the false foreigner's visit went unnoticed, to say nothing of the visit of Ah Q." Also Ah Q rose to higher status after His Honor Chao had beaten him for claiming kinship: "If Ah Seven should have a fight with Ah Eight or Li Four with Chang Three, the incident would pass unnoticed in Wei; in order to merit gossip the incident must be in some way connected with a personage such as His Honor Chao. Then by virtue of the chastizer the chastized would become famous too."

Since Ah Q became such a person temporarily when he was thought to be a big robber, and later a revolutionary, it is clear that such attention goes not to the individual but to his real or imagined position of wealth or power and vanishes with these. Regularly, Ah Q and his fellow villagers try to identify themselves with the stronger, or escape if a conflict already exists, while they try to oppress the weaker—although Ah Q has difficulty in finding anyone weaker than himself, despite repeated trials.

Ah Q's internal standards are as readily alterable as his actions and his relations to people. This is illustrated in each of the many instances in which he turns defeat into victory by changing his

standards of valuation. Once, taunted about his humiliating scars, Ah Q eventually hit upon a new answer: " 'You haven't got it, anyway!' This retort . . . gave him some comfort, as though his scars were no longer shiny evidences of a by-gone affliction but something quite extraordinary, something to be envied."

Ah Q's personal standards clearly shift in case they have involved him in a conflict. With this flexibility and his rather indefinite awareness of himself goes a denial by Ah Q of responsibility for his own life and behavior.

Ah Q thinks of women after touching the nun, but he clothes his desires in proper forms—and on top of this, by projection, blames them on women: "Yes, he must have a woman, he said to himself; without children there would be no one to make offerings to his spirit after he was dead. Moreover, 'of the three filial impieties, the greatest is to be without heirs.' His desire, therefore, was strictly in accordance with the teachings of the sages." And then, "Women are evil things! If the nun's face had not been so smooth, or if it had been covered with a piece of cloth, Ah Q would not have been bewitched."

Later in the story Ah Q blames others for his failure to find any food when he robs the nunnery garden. "Inside the walls, greenery again greeted him, but no wine or steamed rolls or any other form of eatables. . . . Ah Q felt as misused and wronged as a student who fails his examinations."

Although Ah Q's life is always self-centered to a high degree, his means to satisfaction is to adapt to current circumstances. The focus is on the immediate present, not the future, and on maximal avoidance of tensions and difficulties; not on striving to achieve things for oneself, and certainly not on general principles or ideals. When Ah Q, full of wine, thinks of the Revolution, and decides to join it, his image of it involves only the idea of full license to do as he pleases: " 'Yes, Revolution! I'll take what I want and do whatever I like with anyone . . .' " This consists, in his fantasies, of power and revenge on little Don and His Honor Chao, of wealth, and of women. But immediacy and ease still rule. Ah Q, satisfied with the fantasies alone, falls asleep.

BALM IN GILEAD

by Hoyt Barnett

THE sound of rifle shots awakened me.

Lying there in darkness, I tried to recall how many I had heard. At least one before I was fully awake. Two afterward. Perhaps four in all.

Yawning, I stretched, but pulled my arms under the covers again. It can be cold at dawn on the edge of the blistering Kalahari desert, and Jan—my brother—simply must have the windows wide open, even though his bed is closer than mine to them.

"Oom Piet's at it again," Jan said.

Turning toward my brother's bed, I pulled the covers around my neck. "Yes. Four, I think." Four or four hundred. What did it matter? All at once I felt sorry for the lonely old man, trapped and partly smashed, but as defiant as a snarling leopard in a trap.

"Someday Oom Piet's going to run out of baboons," Jan said. Then his bed creaked and his feet padded across the floor beyond the zebra hide beside his bed. "It's going to be hot again today," Jan said, and began closing the windows.

I didn't need to be told what the morning was like, how the Kalahari stretched to the north—mile after bloody mile—until it ended against a wall of midnight blue. Often I had looked out upon the breaking day. To the left would be the escarpment, extending northward like the spine of a prehistoric beast. Craggy and mottled, it always caught the rising sun, its upper portions a mixture of harsh light and shadow while at its foot the mealie patches lay in darkness still, almost as dark as they had been all night.

I waited for Jan to move. But he must have been looking out across the desert, or staring down at the wattles that made a windbreak all around the house and yard, or at the rows of flowers Mother kept alive by carefully rationing the water from the well. I tried to think of this place as it must have been in the beginning—fifty-three years ago—when my parents and their stern-faced friends

settled in Bechuanaland after *the defeat.* They'd come here—Johannes Wollvardt, Fritz Klaus, Chris Vorster, Uncle Piet, and a few others—because no one cared to stop them.

"You'll catch a chill," I said to Jan.

"I wonder how many he got?" Still I didn't hear Jan move.

"If he shot four times, he got four baboons. Get into bed!"

"Okay," Jan said, and his bed springs squeaked.

The gasoline engine that turned the generator began to cough. Then it backfired. Afterward, there was a silence, and I could almost see Old Jim's black hand fiddling with the magneto setting. I had taught him how to start that engine—or one like it—back in 1939, before there had been a war for me to go to. The engine caught and began barking, deep in its exhaust, because of the retarded spark. I waited for it to pick up the proper speed. "Oh hell," I said.

"Shall I tell him?" Jan asked.

"You're closer to the window."

Jan padded to the window and pushed it open. "Hey," he yelled. "Jim, you *verdomde scaap*! Advance the spark! Push 'im up!"

The engine picked up speed, and Jan slammed the window. "Brr," he said, hitting the bed again. "That's the trouble. No organization."

I knew what he meant. In Jan's opinion, Dad should have one native crank the engine. A second manipulate the magneto setting. A third check the petrol. A fourth the lube oil. A fifth the radiator. And a sixth to stand outside the pumphouse so Jan wouldn't have to yell so loud when one of the crew forgot his specialized duty.

Life on the edge of the Kalahari did lack organization. At least it wasn't organized to suit Jan. He would have liked army-type regulation. His mind worked that way.

The army! I still don't know why I went. The folks didn't want me to. Oom Piet as much as called me a traitor for fighting on the side of Smuts and the British. But I saw it differently. A chance to see new places. I'd seen them. Ethiopia. Leave in Cairo. Then back and forth across the Western Desert. Tobruk. Bengazi. El Alamein. Thank God, Jan had been too young. Hans had to help Dad. I was the in-between one.

"Oom Piet's a bloody fool," Jan said. Then he chuckled, thinking, I guess, of the arrangement by which Oom Piet ran his life. But the chuckle was almost like a sob, as though Oom Piet's self-imposed imprisonment in the shack on the lower slope of the escarpment was a symbol of Jan's own inability to escape.

"It won't be long," I said. "Two more years."

"Do you think Hans really will come back? After he finishes agricultural school?"

"Yes," I said. "Hans will come back."

"Then he's a fool."

I didn't answer, and Jan was silent, staring, I guess, at the ceiling. Even as a youngster he had often lain on his bed looking upward without seeing anything, waiting perhaps for fuller light or finding in the shifting shadows the outlines of his private dreams. I wondered if he did it still, and what he saw when he stared into space. Streets thronged with hurrying people, electric signs on theatre marquees, or laboratories filled with quiet-spoken men who delved into the heart of matter, taking it apart and putting it back again?

"Oh hell," Jan said. He got up and began fumbling with his clothes. Then there was silence. "They should have shot Oom Piet in the head. Not the leg."

What could I say? I don't know what should happen to a man. All I know is what seems to happen, and that nothing happens to one man alone. When a British bullet smashed Oom Piet's leg, the bullet tied Oom Piet to all of us, mostly because Dad saved Oom Piet's life. It was a subtle, mixed up thing. Oom Piet was family, yet he wasn't. A limping old man. Uncontrolled. Uncontrollable. In some ways a sterile life ruled by hate. Not that he hated baboons, but hate had held him in his lonely shack, hate for those who'd smashed his leg, hate that had capsized into hope of getting back at those who had maimed and forgotten him. It seemed to me that Oom Piet was a part of every one of us, a straying yet tethered fragment which only now and then reveals itself in stark, almost terrifying, reality on sleepless nights or in the stillness of a desert filled with alien life, with remorseless creatures unconcerned by the fate of man as they preoccupy themselves with breeding, kill-

ing, and dying, each one a link in his own endless chain rising toward the one tooth in the sprocket that waits for that one link which will press it onward.

"The damn fool's keeping a baboon in his shack."

I let Jan's words sink in. Oom Piet made his living—always had—by killing baboons. Every morning he'd post himself behind a different mealie patch and wait for dawn. That was when the baboons left the fields they had raided in the night, clambering out of them, chattering and full, as they headed back to their caves high amid the crags. Then Oom Piet would blast them with his Mauser, pegging 236 grains of lead at each silhouette, dreaming that each figure in the murky light was a Red Neck invader under Lord Kitchener. I started to laugh, and I couldn't stop.

"What's so damn funny?" Jan shouted.

I held my tongue between my teeth, and waited. Jan stomped his feet into his boots. "Sorry," he said.

"Nothing to be sorry for," I said. But there was. For Oom Piet, who wasn't like the others. Even in the beginning it was his leg. It had nearly rotted off in the shack beside the Limpopo where Dad had taken him to die.

When they all had settled here, others had established farms, built up their flocks and herds, taken native squatters as a source of labor that cost no cash. They'd married, prospered, and raised families. But not Oom Piet. He'd kept himself free to ride when the cry of war went up again. But it never had. At least not for the war Oom Piet wanted. He cursed the *traitors* who, in some sly way, had gained independence for the Union without killing an Englishman—or an Afrikaner either. And a still more bitter pill was in Oom Piet's craw. Bechuanaland, the only spot in southern Africa where the defeated could settle—in that long ago—without swearing allegiance to the British crown, remained a protectorate under British rule after South Africa was free.

Jan was in the bathroom when I heard the stairway creak. That would be the native girl with tea for us. Her bare feet crossed the floor. "Good morning, my *Baas*."

"Put it there," I said, pointing to the stand beside my bed.

Then she put a cup and saucer on the stand beside Jan's bed, too, and left the room.

I fumbled for a cigaret and got it lit. Then I thought about the windows. I should have told the girl to open them, for I could feel the sun beating against the house. A lot of horsepower in that sun. Someday Jan might harness it. But atoms were his dish of tea. He wanted to convert them to useful energy without bothering with turbines. He'd read about it, and now he wanted to go to school. The United States. But the soonest he could go seemed to be years off. I wondered if he kept a hidden calendar and crossed off the days, or like Jean Valjean gouged long strokes in his prison wall.

"Going to lie there all day?" Jan asked, smelling of shaving lotion.

"Haven't finished my morning ritual," I said, picking up my tea.

"Vile," he said, jarring his saucer with his cup.

I sipped my tea. Lukewarm and too much sugar. No matter how many times we told the girl, the tea was always the same. The way she liked it. "What's bothering you?" I asked.

"It's that crazy Oom Piet."

"If he wants to keep a baboon, who cares? The little ones are cute."

"It isn't little."

I put down my cup. "What are you driving at, Jan Boy?"

He went to the windows, pushing them so violently the counterweights banged against the inside of the casings. I smelled the outdoors.

"It's a big baboon," he said. "A male. I heard it bark. Oom Piet's reinforced his front door and locked it with hasp and padlock. And that isn't all. He's got bars across the windows. Heavy oak. Spiked on the inside."

I rubbed my whiskers with my palms. "When did you see all this?" I asked.

Jan shuffled back and forth between the windows and his bed.

"Yesterday afternoon. While you were napping. Dolly isn't getting enough riding. But Oom Piet wasn't home. Guess he was down at Wollvardt's collecting bounty."

"Why don't you ask Oom Piet about it?" I got up and started for the bathroom. "He'll be here this afternoon."

"It's none of my bloody business," Jan said.

"You're right, Jan Boy." I turned the corner and entered the bathroom, my hand sliding along the paneling made smooth by years of use.

A dry towel was right where it should be, and my electric razor hooked up and ready. Great invention, electric razors. Jan doesn't like them. He wants thick lather and a swishing blade. If I shaved like that, I'd cut my throat.

When I slipped the razor back into its smooth case, I leaned a moment against the stall shower. I'd seen showers like it in the movies, a long time ago. When my folks do anything, they go all the way. Hand rails anchored to the walls. A new-fangled chair in the room Dad had fixed as my den, one of those lean-back-and-rest-your-legs chairs, and a rack to hold my heavy books. Beside it was an all-wave wireless set that really brought them in—America, Germany, England, and even the Orient. I'd never had it so good.

But I didn't take a shower. I'd killed too much time gassing with Jan about things that were no concern of ours. Hell, if Oom Piet wanted to turn his shack into a zoo, he was the one who had to sleep there. But why such precautions against the baboon's escape?

Then it hit me, and I began to laugh. But it wasn't funny. Jan had seen the implications of the padlock and the bars—as Jan saw everything.

"Are you ready, Piet?" It was Mother calling from downstairs.

"Go ahead," I called. "Save four eggs. Bacon. A stack of buckwheats."

The door at the foot of the stairway closed, and I dressed as fast as I could. But I kept thinking of Oom Piet and his captive baboon. Or of Ooom Piet and the baboon who held him captive. For even my slow mind saw it now. Oom Piet had taken in a baby baboon years ago. Probably one wayward morning when he'd killed its mother. Why? Don't ask me why men do any of the

things they do. The baboon had been little then, and crying for pity from a man who lived on hate, one who claimed he had no pity for any living thing—least of all for himself.

And then the man who killed baboons—. It's easy from there. His problem was simple. Keep the baboon always. Until old age took its toll. Feeding it would be fun. Its presence would break the monotony, bring other sounds into a shack where only Oom Piet's footfalls creaked the floor. But what if it escaped? Called back to the herd by a female's faithless yelp? What then? Could Oom Piet keep on killing baboons when each time he drew a bead on a shifting silhouette he might kill his friend?

Not Oom Piet. I'd known him since the days I had toddled beside his limping stride, clutching one of his rough fingers in my whole hand. He'd told me of invaders, of freedom trampled under foot. He'd taught me that men must fight when man's liberty is challenged anywhere. He should have lived in another day, perhaps, when men wore armor and rode forth to redress wrongs and protect the weak. A limping knight with a Mauser slung across his arm. A knight burdened by the enchantment that had placed a monkey on his back. But every man has his private monkey. Jan's was wanting to go away to school and become a scientist. Mother's was the scattering of her children. Mine was Jan's not getting away. Dad's—.

The lower door opened again, and Mother was yelling something about eggs getting cold. "Okay," I said. "Be right down."

It was a quarter past five when I heard Oom Piet's uneven stride on the garden path. Zimbo, my half-bull half-mastiff, was panting while he waited for me to throw the stick again.

"Hello, Piet Boy," Oom Piet called.

"How goes it, Oom?" I asked, and threw the stick.

Zimbo woofed, deep in his throat, and I heard him crash through a flower bed.

Oom Piet was beside me, settling onto the bench beneath the acacia. "That fool dog will run himself to death," Oom Piet said.

"He needs exercise," I said.

Zimbo bounded back to us.

"*Ach, Mann,*" Oom Piet said. "Right through the flowers. Your Ma will lick us both if that fool dog ain't careful."

I had one end of the stick in my hand, wet from Zimbo's slobbering. "Give it here!" He growled and shook his head, but I got the stick. "Down!" I pushed the 45 pounds of him from my lap to the seat beside me. "Here," I said to Ooom Piet, "you throw the stick. I'll hold him."

Zimbo lurched against my restraining arm, and then settled himself, his head across my lap, his panting interrupted by the flapping of his tongue. "I've been expecting you all afternoon."

Oom Piet grunted and cursed the heat, but I felt cool in the acacia's shade.

"Any luck this morning?" I asked.

"Three."

"I heard you shoot four times."

"I said three." He grunted as he pried open his tobacco tin. Then he struck a match.

"Hold it," I said, fishing out a cigaret.

We sat there a while, smoking. Zimbo clopped his chops a couple of times, and drops of moisture struck my hand.

"So I missed one," Oom Piet said. "It's the ammunition they sell a man nowadays. No pride of workmanship in it. Like the saddles. Have you seen one in a dozen years that don't stiffen up a man?"

"No," I said. His hand was on my knee, hard yet gentle. I thought of the desert smell coming with the light breeze. Hot sun on rocks. Scattered vegetation, hard and twisted yet giving tender shoots when infrequent rains moved across the desert. "Did you ever smell ginger growing, Oom Piet?"

"No, Piet Boy. Did you?"

"Once," I said. He didn't ask where. The back of the bench creaked, and I heard the gurgle of his pipe. My own war hadn't been so personal as his—or so close to home.

"First call! First call!" Jan's voice came from the left, from the verandah. Zimbo jumped from the bench. "We'd better hurry, or Jan and Dad will drink ours, too."

Oom Piet laughed as men are supposed to laugh at long-standing jokes, and we walked toward the house together.

The glass was cold and moist, and the burr of the Scotch blended with the tang of soda. "Sure I'll have another," I said, holding out my glass after I had emptied it.

"Don't be in such a hurry to get the sun down," Jan said, laughing.

Wicker chairs creaked and heels slid in restful sounds across the waxed cement. "To the confusion of our enemies," Dad said, ice tinkling in his glass. I think he used ice to prove he was modern. Oom Piet used it to be different from the British. Jan and I used ice to kill the sticky aftertaste of warm whisky.

The living room door opened, and Oom Piet called, "Hello, Martha. You get prettier every day."

"You tell that to all the girls," Mother said, coming onto the verandah.

"A drink?" Jan asked.

"I never have and I never will," she said. "But you might tell the girl to bring iced tea."

Jan laughed and went to do her bidding, and the talk swirled around us: mealies, the need for rain, the condition of stock following the course of the last shower that had crept across our corner of the desert. Then Jan was back. "Thank you," Mother said, tinkling the ice in her glass, too.

Zimbo leaned against me as I sat in the doorway, half in and half out of the verandah. A sprinkler whisked and whirred in the distance, its pattering drops adding the smell of green to the fainter, sterner fragrance of the desert. The shadow of the escarpment would fall across us soon, and evening would come—cool, restful, and filled with the near-by small noises and farther off large noises of the world that is awake when all people are in darkness.

"Another?" Jan asked.

"Yes," I said, and he put a fresh glass in my hand.

Mother got up and went inside. "I want you men to come when you're called." The door slammed behind her.

Oom Piet was telling Dad about the bad ammunition they sold

a man these days, and Jan was agreeing with him. For a moment I wondered if Jan might ask Oom Piet about the baboon in his shack. But I knew Jan wouldn't.

Then we were at table, and it seemed that Oom Piet belonged there all the time. Sometimes he spoke to Mother and Dad as though they were his children. Then it would be *Noientjie*, our word for sweetheart, and *Ou Zwaar*, a term for brother-in-law but much nearer to *you-old-bastard*, as Yanks use it from time to time.

Zimbo was beneath the table, panting now and then. Mother must have known he was there, but she didn't say anything. I thought of the flowers. A tickey or a sixpence to the old native who worked in the garden would get those repaired.

Oom Piet's voice was rising, and I felt a tension in the air. I'd been too preoccupied with the pot roast to pay much attention to the conversation.

"Marius, you know everything must be done in season." Oom Piet sounded as though he were Dad's father, not his friend.

"It's not that," Dad said. "You think it's because he wants to poke around with atom bombs—."

"It's Hans that Marius is waiting for," Mother said.

"Bah," Oom Piet said. "I know—."

A hand struck the table, bouncing my plate and rattling the silverware.

"Marius, you hush!" Mother said. "And eat your supper."

Silence was heavy around the table, and Zimbo stirred. I reached down to quiet him, wishing Jan, for once, would speak his mind.

"I apologize," Oom Piet said.

I heard Dad gasp, for never before had such words passed Oom Piet's lips—as far as I know.

"Forget it, Oom," Dad said. "Basically, you're right. The boy must have his chance. But two years is only a little time. When Hans is here again—."

"I've done a lot of thinking," Oom Piet said. "Particularly these past few months."

With a baboon in his shack, he had a right to think.

"And I'm not so stubborn as I used to be," Oom Piet added.

That could leave him still as stubborn as a mule. Then I thought of the shot he'd missed this morning.

"You mean—?" Mother asked, and by the silence you knew the question was completed as it stood, her tone asking if he would now surrender and become fully one of us.

"Not that," he said.

I smiled at the defiance in his tone, half glad he held his position still, half sorry for him and for all of us, yet knowing that eventually he must capitulate and that when he did it would, in some degree, be my surrender, too.

"When I'm ready," Oom Piet said, "I'll move in—bag, baggage, and my weapons."

"We'd like to have you, Oom Piet," I said.

"Any time you're ready," Dad said. "You know the rules. Go to bed when you want to. Get up when you want to. Do as you damn please."

"Hard rules," Oom Piet said, and asked Mother to pass the gravy.

Then everyone was talking as before, and I wiped my plate with a hunk of biscuit and held it under the table for Zimbo.

Jan turned the dial on the wireless set in the breezeway. A Berlin music hall orchestra boomed in, but Jan knew Dad wanted a news program after supper. Jan turned the dial again. BBC. Oom Piet swore, and Jan ran swiftly over several stations. Then he had an American broadcasting news to East Germany. We didn't care. German. Dutch. Afrikaans. English.

Soon it was time for bed. Too late, we said, for Oom Piet to go home. He agreed, starting for the room in the northwest wing that for years we had called his. Some day he might occupy it all the time, but it wasn't for me to say what Oom Piet should do.

Hours later I was still thinking of Oom Piet's uneven, painful gait as he strode toward his room. I knew how hard it is for even a young man to change his ways, and it would be harder yet for Oom Piet, who had been on one track for more than fifty years—protecting crops for friends, watching their children grow, coming and going as he pleased.

Someone was moving about downstairs. I heard the front door open and close. Slipping from bed, I dressed quietly. Jan kept snoring softly, and for a moment I envied him.

My new watch told me it was nearly one A.M., as I started down the stairway. Perhaps Oom Piet and I could have a talk, for I knew he was the one who had moved across the floor below.

Tiptoeing, I crossed the verandah, moving as quietly as I could, hoping not to awaken Mother. She always worried when I moved about at night. I guess she never was willing to admit that for me it was always night.

Zimbo was waiting when I stepped into the yard. We moved along the pathway toward the barn, but before we reached the gate I heard Oom Piet speak reassuringly to a horse, and then ride off.

I stopped, and Zimbo leaned against my knee. Since Oom Piet had taken a horse, he was coming back. Turning, I walked slowly along the path, and when I reached the verandah I sat down. It was cool, and Zimbo felt warm against my ribs. I scratched his ears and rubbed the soft hide beneath his massive jaw. He licked my face. Like a slab of warm meat pulled across my cheek. I pushed his head down into my lap, and waited.

I thought of birds that flew about at night, of animals that did their feeding in the darkness. I listened for sounds from the escarpment, the faint yelps that came so plainly to Oom Piet's shack. I'd heard them often in the long ago when Mother had let me stay at night with him. "There's nothing in the darkness," he had said, "to make a child afraid." I still believed him.

Then I heard a horseman approaching. Not fast, but at a steady clip. Zimbo and I moved toward the barn, stopping at the gate.

Oom Piet was coming toward us, limping across the hard-packed ground. I called to him.

"Is that you, Piet Boy?"

"Yes," I said, opening the gate.

I heard him shift a burden on his shoulder. "Here," he said, thrusting a rifle into my hands.

His old Mauser. My hand slipped along the barrel to the stock. In passing, my hand felt a strange amiss. I started to speak, but

let my fingers explore the damaged area. The breech mechanism was out of shape, and little flecks of stone clung to the damaged steel. I knew now that a baboon had been released to join its kind—and a man had freed himself of the foolish pride and hate that had kept him too long a lonely prisoner on a mountainside. "Oh," I said.

"There a season for everything," he said, stopping beside me. His elbow nudged my arm, and I took hold of it.

"We'll leave this here," he said, dropping the bundle that blumped softly as it fell. Then he took the rifle.

"Now Jan can go?" I asked.

He didn't answer, but with gentle pressure turned me toward the bench in the garden. Softly we walked along, my stride slowed to match his uneven pace.

Seated, he crammed tobacco into his pipe. Then he struck a match. "Hold it," I said, a cigaret in my mouth.

The flame was warm against my face, and then I heard the smacking of his lips as cheeks worked like bellows while he lit his pipe. The match made a little whirring sound as he flipped it from him. "It was time he got his chance," Oom Piet said.

"Yes," I said, "everybody deserves a chance."

Zimbo put his head on my knee, and I reached down to ruff his ears. He growled and grabbed my hand, holding softly to it.

The wind rustled the acacia leaves, and the rich green of night growth was in the air. I sucked my lungs full of the soothing fragrance and let it out. Suddenly I felt lighter, as though the weight of ten years had rolled away. I knew how Oom Piet must feel, and how my father would feel in the morning. For Father, ever since he'd saved Oom Piet's life more than fifty years ago, too, had been carrying a monkey on his back: the strange responsibility for this man who had let hate rule his life too long, but who now was home.

I waited for Oom Piet to speak again, but he seemed content to puff his pipe and look up at the stars I knew were there.

"I think," he said at last, "it's time for a great big drink."

I took my hand from Zimbo and slipped my fingers over the face of my watch. "It's half-past time," I said.

MELVILLE, DOSTOEVSKY, AND THE PEOPLE

by John J. Gross

TODAY we hear much about the need of community, the need for roots. Modern man has felt for a long time now that he is paying dearly for his revolt against history, his break with tradition, and his disruption of cultural continuity. The late Simone Weil has written movingly of the needs of the soul for Order, Obedience, Responsibility, of *The Need for Roots.* A sufficiently large number of modern intellectuals have allied themselves with a "new conservatism" as almost to constitute a new "wave of the future."

Mr. Lewis Mumford has written thoughtfully in an essay on "The America in Europe" that the antihistoric movement is not of recent birth: that other names for the same phenomenon are Renaissance, Protestantism, Utopia, Revolution. Emerson and his America, Mr. Mumford points out, found nothing sacred about the past and saw all human institutions as ephemeral and provisional phenomena. Today Simone Weil declares with moving urgency: "The past once destroyed never returns. The destruction of the past is perhaps the greatest of all crimes. Today the preservation of what little of it remains ought to become almost an obsession. We must put an end to the terrible uprootedness. . . ."

Yet we gravely err if we assume that the recognition of spiritual alienation and rootlessness has only just been realized. Surely the whole line of nineteenth-century thinkers who came almost to constitute an idealistic reaction against the more optimistic faiths of the Enlightenment realized long before the present moment that, as Simone Weil put it, "the opposition of future to past or past to future is absurd." In one sense, Carlyle's *Past and Present* was a nostalgic cry for cultural continuity, for that cosmological sense of philosophic order which marked the "Great Chain of Being," shattered by nineteenth-century political and economic and philosophic revolution. Ruskin's discipleship was based upon the felt need for an organic sense of community.

Indeed, a central problem, perhaps the major problem, of nineteenth-century thought as it influenced the creative artist—the poet, the philosopher, the novelist—involved the

requirement of the artist for an organic community which would provide him with a meaningful relationship with his fellow men, and, through them, with his God. The gradual whittling away of the old sureties before the steady growth of skepticism and doubt fostered by the new science, the radical revisions of the patterns assumed by traditional societies as the result of the revolutionary impact of a new industrial order, and, particularly in America, the new individualism which tended increasingly to encourage a social atomism and a subordination of the community concept to the expression of the individual will —all played their significant parts as factors in the growing estrangement of the artist from the society of which he should have been a vital component.

Two major nineteenth-century novelists, the American Melville and the Russian Dostoevsky, made important contributions in singularly like fashion to an attempted resolution of the conflict between the individual and his community. And in wrestling with the problem, both made significant contributions to the psychological and sociological aspects of the problem which are of continuing importance to the writer of a later day facing the twentieth-century knowledge of man's isolation from his fellows in a world which has too widely despaired of faith or of belief.

Now if we attempt to define the term "community," we might find it possible to agree that the word could be understood in either theistic or humanistic contexts. Certainly major novelists of the modern world have projected both kinds. While it is probable that no pure example of either type can be demonstrated, the post-Renaissance humanistic community has usually found its justification in science or reason or both and is man-centered. Its values are relativistic; its reforms are external. It is probably not so much concerned with man's metaphysics as with man's ethics. The theistic community, on the other hand, is God-centered. Its values are absolute. Reform is the concern of the individual soul. It distrusts the external reforms of society. Brotherhood is meaningful only in the context of the Fatherhood of God. It is likely to maintain that ethics become utterly relativistic in the humanistic community, that if there is no God there is no law and all things become permissible.

Much of the religious thought of the nineteenth century, influenced by the new science, was tinged with humanism. Secular religions were projected in positivism and the religion of humanity; in the various utopias of writers like William Morris, Edward Bellamy, Samuel Butler, and H. G. Wells; and in Marxian socialism. But, of course, the nineteenth century was not without thinkers who challenged the consequences of glorifying the will of the individual, of substituting the man-God for the God-man. Dostoevsky, to name a

single significant example, was almost solely concerned from *Crime and Punishment* through *The Brothers Karamazov* with the tragedy which the individual and the community enact when they seek to raise the will of man above the love of God. At the center of Melville's work, too, and in particular during the period from *Mardi* in the late 1840's to the end of his life more than forty years later, one finds the same concern complicating the search for a meaningful community. But not until he wrote *Billy Budd*—which was concluded, though not published, within a decade of the appearance of Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*—did Melville achieve the sense of a Christ-suffused universe which characterizes the answer of Dostoevsky to the problems of a world of ambiguously diffused good and evil.

The loss of paradise, of man's unity with nature, Melville must have felt in his voluntary rejection of South Sea Edens in his first novel, *Typee*. Man's separation from nature, and the futility of a transcendental union, even the self-annihilative consequences of the actions of a Taji or an Ahab, feature Melville's tragic awareness of the condition of man. Modern man, wrote Erich Fromm in *Man for Himself*, "having lost paradise, the unity with nature, . . . has become the eternal wanderer (Odysseus, Oedipus, Abraham, Faust); he is impelled to go forward and with everlasting effort to make the unknown known by filling in with answers the blank spaces of his knowledge. He must give account to himself of himself, and of the meaning of his existence. He is driven to overcome this inner split, tormented by a craving for 'absoluteness,' for another kind of harmony which can lift the curse by which he was separated from nature, from his fellow men, and from himself." The desire to overcome the "inner split," to achieve "absoluteness," provides the basis of the dialectical struggle which is projected in all of Melville's major work. The frustrated desire for reconciliation of the individual consciousness with a meaningful community, for the attainment of Yillah (or the absolute) in Mardi (the world) where it would be possible at the same time to achieve a vital sense of relationship with his fellows—this frustration signifies as clearly as one could desire Melville's awareness of modern man's existential dichotomies.

In Melville's facing of the problem, however, there was another factor present which sets his work apart from that of his European contemporaries; that factor was the political idealism of the new American nation. In short, Melville sees the nation as community in quite a different sense from his European contemporaries. At least through the middle 1850's, Melville's attitude toward history was not unlike that of Emerson. He accepted as necessary and desirable the historical discontinuity with the European past, even though with occasional reserva-

tions. There is a good portion of national cock-a-doodle in his youthful ebullience of this period. The unique promise of American life holds out to Melville the possibility of achieving community in terms of the democratic ideal, a realized equalitarianism for the "meanest mariners, renegades, and castaways."

Thus, both *Redburn* and *White-Jacket*, which follow *Mardi* in order of composition, express most completely the hope of reconciling the wanderer, the isolated individual, with the new concept of community which is visualized in American equalitarian democracy. In Melville's greatest book, *Moby-Dick*, the same equalitarian spirit is manifested, though more tentatively, and one must recognize that the Melvillean *isolato*, the Luciferian or Promethean figure, active or passive, appears before *Moby-Dick*: the embryonic Ishmael in Wellingborough Redburn, Prometheus in Taji, Lucifer in the Jackson of *Redburn* or Bland of *White-Jacket*.

Redburn and *White-Jacket* are strongly imbued with humanistic feeling. Their concepts are ethical rather than metaphysical. They represent, primarily, humanistic rather than theistic concepts of community. But the problem of the isolated individual was not yet resolved, and the problem of the relation of human will to divine purpose continued to harass the mind of Melville. As the shadow of war lengthened and political division within the nation became inevitable, his faith in political reform and political community waned. He sought with increasing intensity (in *Israel Potter*, *the Confidence-Man*, and the short stories) an answer to the problem of the isolated individual and the means of reconciliation with the whole body of Man. In *Redburn* and again in *White-Jacket* it appeared that he had achieved such reconciliation, but he failed when he left out of consideration the Promethean figure (the symbol of American force, energy, or will) who is incapable of anything but ultimate destruction, both of himself as well as of the community upon which he exercises his will. The tragedy is that Prometheus fails to become Oedipus, and by contrast with the tragic figures of Dostoevsky's novels who sin and share their sin with the community and who through sharing their sin know expiation, a Melvillean Prometheus may assert his freedom and responsibility, may pass judgment upon himself, but he never expiates his sin of pride by which in turn the community might be renewed.

The kind of negative self-determination by the individual which results in his isolation, his incarceration within the self, finds its solution in a Dostoevsky character through the expression of love by a humble person for the *isolato*, but the love is reflected in the knowledge of a Christ-suffused world of which only humility is aware. The criminal Raskolnikov of *Crime and Punishment* is given a coin by .a

passing stranger with the blessing of God as he wanders alone, the victim of his isolation, on a Petersburg street. He hurls it from him into the river, an act by which he breaks the last tie between himself and mankind. Similarly, Ahab gives up pipe, quadrant, every link with the world of man, and by their symbolic actions the two types of criminal are joined in their renunciation of God and man. Ahab, however, despite the intervention of the humble black boy Pip, cannot acknowledge the reality of man outside himself, whereas Raskolnikov is saved and ultimately regenerated in the community of man by the love of the humble child Sonia, whose life as a prostitute has been marked by humiliation and degradation and who can accordingly bring him whom she loves back into the community of man by an act of confession before all the people.

That individual, a Raskolnikov or an Ahab, who conceives himself an instrument of justice that he cannot comprehend, or an instrument of a revenge by which he usurps a divine prerogative, unknowingly contributes to the world's sorrow. In Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* the murder of the old pawnbroker, rationalized by the murderer as an act of justice, leads inevitably to the unintentional murder of the innocent Lizaveta; in the same way the vowed intention of revenge upon the white whale extends to the unwitting destruction of the *Pequod's* crew, who become victims of a single man's prideful renunciation of his partnership with all men. Both Raskolnikov and Ahab pridefully choose the wrong weapons. As Lewis Mumford long ago recognized: "All the things that Ahab despises when he is about to attack the whale, the love and loyalty of Pip, the memory of his wife and child, the sextant of science, the inner sense of calm, which makes all external struggle futile, are the very things that would redeem him and make him victorious."

As every reader of Dostoevsky is aware, and as the Russian poet Vyacheslav Ivanov makes explicit in his remarkable study of that novelist, *Freedom and the Tragic Life*, "every crime is not only a sin of the criminal, but also a sin of the community and of society: nobody has a right to say that he has no share in the guilt of the guilty. This opinion of Dostoevsky has its roots in the deepest and oldest strata of the national soul." And from that conviction there follows the dreadful recognition of the truth of all men's guilt for all men and the knowledge that all humanity is one man. Yet this basic and profound truth of community could find no ready acceptance in the intense subjectivism of the optimistic transcendentalist movement, nor in the nontragic character of Melville's America. And only in *Billy Budd* does Melville himself finally come to the tragic expression of this truth. For the novels of Melville are the reflection, as is the work of no other writer in America, of

the growth from innocence to experience. His contemporaries, too, writers like Whitman and Lowell, had their reservations about post-Civil War America, but none so clearly or with such tragic force reveals the thoughtful American's disillusionment with the antihistorical traditions of the national age of innocence as does Melville in the poems, in *Clarel*, and finally in *Billy Budd* which implicitly repudiates revolution and defends fixed forms, tradition, order, and historical continuity.

In *Billy Budd* the "Rights of Man," the ship from which the innocent Billy is impressed for service aboard a man-of-war, figuratively give way to obligations which are superior to rights as conceived by the rational men of 1789. Thus, Melville had arrived at a position expressed in our own age by Simone Weil when she declares: "Rights are always found to be related to certain conditions. Obligations alone remain independent of conditions. They belong to a realm situated above all conditions, because it is situated above this world. The men of 1789 did not recognize the existence of such a realm. All they recognized was the one on the human plane." Melville had, however, recognized such a realm, and his work, early and late, almost comes to resemble the agonizing struggle re-created in any major Dostoevsky novel between reason and supra-empirical faith; between the socio-psychological problem of estrangement and reconciliation with the community of man.

Ivanov, under the heading of demonology, discusses man's alienation in terms of the prototypical and mythical forces of Lucifer and Ahriman, the former whom he see as all-confining, the latter as all-disrupting.

The Lucifer in man is the principle of selfish aloofness, of proud independence, of wilful self-assertion and self-detachment from the Whole, of self-estrangement from the divine universal unity. Lucifer proclaims to men: 'Ye shall be as gods,' and he keeps his promise. The *single* Adam described in the Gospel as the 'Son of God' is dispersed into a multiplicity of 'would-be divine' personal and individual wills. Nevertheless, the divinity of mankind remains an accepted fact even in this dispersal—so much so that the personal consciousness contains not only the whole Creation, but also God as an idea. But this likeness of man to God is not real, but exists only in thought, confined in the inner world of the personality—confined so strictly that the personality feels imprisoned in its solitude and despairs of its own being.

This despair, then, is what Ahriman exploits, to induce man to say in his heart: 'I am not.' At this point, the whispered messages of the two Daemons become different: Lucifer abuses the divine 'I am' that dwells within man, by distorting its meaning, and thus also distorting that innermost human will (as in the case of Raskolnikov). Ahriman, the corruptor of the human will, reveals the vacuity of the 'I am' itself where it lives in a will that is depraved and

decaying (as in the case of Svidrigailov). The influence of Lucifer can therefore be described as inversionary, and that of Ahriman as perversionary.

The Luciferian Raskolnikov and the Luciferian Ahab distort the fatherly gift of the 'I am' and interpret it in isolation from the Father. Eventually all that does not immediately concern the Ego is ignored or denounced. Or the will under such circumstances creates the 'I am' anew as a singular and unique utterance of the Ego. Yet the Luciferian will is capable of redemption, for by love it may be saved. If, however, the individual soul fails to pass this difficult test of survival, the result is inevitably surrender to Ahriman. Lucifer is the tempter, but Ahriman represents the surrender to despair, to dissolution, and to self-destruction. The soul of man cannot remain a vacuum. If it denies love, it must be filled with hatred. This is the true sin, and the wages of sin are death. The character of Svidrigailov in *Crime and Punishment* destroys himself when his estrangement from man becomes complete and he is able to see love and innocence only in terms of corruption. Raskolnikov, however, escapes the final grip of Ahriman by bowing down to earth, by accepting love and humility through the charitable and sacrificial example of humble Sonia, and his regeneration is understood to have begun.

We understand that both Raskolnikov and Ahab of Melville's *Moby-Dick* are noble aspiring characters, even in the moments of their most desperate estrangement. Both are capable of love; yet Ahab refuses the path of humility, rejects the undemanding love of the simple black boy Pip, as well as the less moving appeals of the rational-minded Starbuck, to pass from the control of Lucifer to Ahriman, from inversionary isolation to perversionary self-destruction. By comparison, Claggart of *Billy Budd* has long since passed under the spell of Ahriman. His force is perversionary. Like Byron's Cain, his envy is the chill that strikes him down as inevitably as though it were a form of self-destruction. He can feel no love that does not have its basis in perversity. The only force that thus can fill his soul is that of unremitting hatred.

If man continues active, if the forms which his self-assertion takes are directed to the ends of nobler existence, the influence of Lucifer need not be dangerous. But, as Ivanov points out, "it turns to deadly poison if the dynamic forces of the spirit are drowned in those dead waters of stagnation over which Ahriman spreads his black pinions." Thus, for Dostoevsky the realm of Ahriman is one of stagnancy in which the Luciferian personality, imprisoned within itself and shut away from the world of positive action, decays. So the dreams of eternity by the corrupt Svidrigailov take the form of a musty, spider-infested room, its doors bolted against the world of man.

Yet Dostoevsky recognized that the Luciferian assertion of modern man is, in its own way, capable of being interpreted in terms of the knowledge that this apparent competition with God really prefigured and demonstrated the divine nature and immortality of the individual soul. Thus he saw the poetry of Byron as emulation of God; thus, too, the aspiration of the individual Ego in its Promethean phases might prove the means of reasserting the divine will. However, if faith in God should fail, if the individual Ego proved ultimately incapable of humility, was vulnerable to all-destroying self-love and conceit, then despair, meanness, and self-destruction, "the fatal self-betrayal of suicide," would result and man would fall to the level of Dostoevsky's "underground hero." Community under these circumstances would prove to be that form of organization imposed from above which Dostoevsky prophetically set down in the "Legend of the Grand Inquisitor." "Mystery, miracle, and authority" would replace the loving brotherhood of man in the Fatherhood of God. An authoritarian 1984 would replace a Melvillean Serenia. In the words of Simone Weil, "There are any number of signs showing that the men of our age have now for a long time been starved of obedience. But advantage has been taken of the fact to give them slavery." Both kinds were understood by Dostoevsky: the obedience that liberates as well as the obedience that enslaves. And Melville's Billy Budd, too, saw the difference as he joyfully accepted his death, upon his lips the cry "God Bless Captain Vere!"

The contest for Dostoevsky between "God and the enlightened man of the nineteenth century" involved the question of community, theistic or humanistic, the first type teaching acceptance of man with all his mortal imperfection, the second stressing rejection of the old and the traditional and the adoption of new "progressive ideas" implied in modern scientism. The anthropocentric order of the future would of necessity be atheistic. But such an order would be a violation of earth, a rejection of the injunction from Job: "Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee." The model is projected by Dostoevsky most forcefully, of course, in *The Possessed* and in the Grand Inquisitor section of *The Brothers Karamazov*. Even in *Crime and Punishment*, however, Dostoevsky expresses his contempt for the new idea of community in his satirical treatment of the character Lebeziatnikov who heatedly expounds the new "progressive" ideas to Luzhin, the self-made new man of the age—ideas also, the reader will note, not unlike those expressed by Flaubert's model of the "new man," the Homais of *Madame Bovary*:

You don't understand! There is no such role [as that of prostitute] in a community. The community is established that there should be no such roles. In a community, such a role is essentially transformed and

what is stupid here is sensible there, what, under present conditions, is unnatural becomes perfectly natural in the community. It all depends on the environment. It's all the environment and man himself is nothing. . . . We are trying to establish a community of our own, a special one, on a broader basis. We have gone further in our convictions. We reject more!

This is intellectual gibberish, as Dostoevsky makes clear, but the essence of the new community lies in the assertion that "We reject more!" Rejection and utility, these are the important considerations. As Lebeziatnikov declares, "What do you mean by 'more honorable'? I don't understand such expressions to describe human activity. 'More honorable,' 'nobler' — all those are old-fashioned prejudices which I reject. Everything which is *of use* to mankind is honorable. I only understand one word: *useful*! You can snigger as much as you like, but that's so!"

Dostoevsky here defines negatively the concept of community which is usually presented in positive fashion. The bearing of this problem of community upon Melville becomes more pertinent when we realize that, while touching seldom upon the modern sense of community in satirical vein, much of the significance of such a difficult and puzzling novel as *Pierre* lies in its grappling with the problem of community as it affects the estranged individual. Melville failed to achieve the degree of reconciliation with earth, failed to grasp the mystic sense of the individual's relatedness with man, which is a part of Dostoevsky's almost instinctual understanding of the meaning of the people; yet one is constantly aware of his groping toward that sense of interrelationship which characterizes the creative personality's knowledge of its involvement in the whole. As L. A. Zander, philosopher and theologian at the Russian Theological Academy in Paris, recently expressed it in his study of *Dostoevsky* (London, 1948), the Russian novelist from the beginning

had a profound conception of personality as essentially antinomic, for it is both separate from other personalities and incomprehensibly connected with them all; its limits are mysterious and indefinable: 'try to divide it off,' he writes, 'to determine where your personality ends and another one begins. Determine it scientifically. It is just what science tries to do. Socialism bases itself upon science. For Christianity that question is unthinkable. *N.B.* A sketch of the Christian solution. What are the chances of deciding one way or another? A new spirit will breathe suddenly.'

Zander then draws upon the insights of Vyacheslav Ivanov to clarify finally the meaning and significance of the complex question of personality with which so many major novelists of the nineteenth century grappled without solution.

Dostoevsky clearly feels that the spirit of Christianity does not admit of our negative definition of personality ('I' and 'not I,' 'mine' and 'not mine'), but requires that it should be defined positively ('I' through

'thou'). In the inner experience of love and universal compassion we have a vague and partial presentment of this, and Dostoevsky hopes for a sudden change in our personal self-feeling ('a new spirit will breathe'). His dogma about everyone being responsible to all and for all must be considered in connection with those vague indications of a mystical conception of personality in *statu nascendi*. It is not surprising that a people is for Dostoevsky not an intellectually synthesized whole, but an essentially independent and living personality: it has a periphery of multiplicity, and the inner sanctum of a single consciousness and a single will.

The essential factor of personality which both Dostoevsky and Melville demonstrate again and again in their tragic representations of human life is that however harrowing its inner conflict it must eventually make its own decisions and fulfill its own destiny. Still it is recognized that the personality is not a self-contained entity, that it must eventually draw its strength for its unique character from a larger conception that comes to birth within it. Ivanov puts it this way:

Hallowed is the bond that binds the personality to its Whole, and thus makes it a part of true Being; for it is the characteristic of true Being that it reveals itself as unity in a diversity of aspects. Unhallowed, contrariwise, is the rash attempt of the individual wilfully to tear itself away from its Whole, which is rooted in the laws of Being; and such an attempt takes revenge upon itself, in the form of a daemonic isolation. The personality, therefore, is separate from all other personalities, and yet at the same time bound in oneness with them. Its limits are indefinable and mysterious.

Melville illustrates, as does Dostoevsky, the conflict between "I" and "not I" and "I" through "thou," and the demand of the personal "I" to find its total meaning in the "We" is now an ethical, now a metaphysical problem. But finally for Melville, as for Dostoevsky, the anthropocentric community failed to provide solutions, and for the former, in lieu of a theology which related sea to land, individual to community, his tragic characters attempt to remain self-contained entities and fail to escape the destructive ties of "daemonic isolation."

Dostoevsky's concept of nation, as Zander points out, "presents almost a complete analogy to that of mother-earth." Nation as community is unavoidably associated with the soul of a people, which in turn contributes strength and security to the individual.

The words which Zander uses to express the spirit of Dostoevsky as it dwells upon the people and the nation seem almost to be echoed in the agonized appeals of Simone Weil for a rebirth of the soul of France. Zander writes: "Nations are built up by their religion; a deep and strong national self-consciousness inevitably leads to the conviction that one's people is god-bearing. Every people is potentially god-bearing in so far as it brings to birth its religious idea and gives room for the revelation of

the deity in it. Nations live by faith, they are founded upon it and when they lose it, they decay."

In similar fashion, the whole problem of the personality in Dostoevsky is the imperative demand upon it of its own nature to become greater than itself, to feel another's being as its own. This imperative in Melville, however, leads ultimately to the tragedy of his characters for want of a community of spirit, to the tragedy of Pierre, who, in seeking to feel another's being as his own, finds himself violating the natures of those whom he would save and finally destroying himself when the community's hypocritically false values are demonstrated to be not god-bearing but god-denying. (Pierre's mother and her parson reject the village girl whose infant is illegitimate, as they would, Pierre believes, reject the girl he accepts as his illegitimate half-sister were they to learn the truth.) Pierre does not find himself within the people. His values are not their values. And Saddle Meadows, the Apostles, the alienated people of the city—one community after another proves itself unable to contribute those values which could complete the individual and save the individual personality from demonic isolation and destruction. If Pierre is "the bridegroom," the savior who has come to hallow the bond that binds the personality to its Whole, he weds, ironically, disaster and suffers his crucifixion for naught.

The nation alone, the political entity without God, proved insufficient. And the Christian community of Serenia in *Mardi* seemed, indeed, a puerile daydream when its author awoke to the harrowing conviction that the personality remained yet isolated and alone, without a god-bearing people with whom he might share the sorrows of the agonized soul, with whom he might find fulfillment in the knowledge of a home, a heart, a sharing of the bread at the communion in which all partake. The direction of the later Melville, the Melville who resolves in *Billy Budd* the contradictions of heavenly and earthly standards, of chronometrical and horological times, is foreshadowed by the Ishmael of *Moby-Dick* who learns that "in all cases man must eventually lower, or at least shift, his conceit of attainable felicity; not placing it anywhere in the intellect or the fancy; but in the wife, the heart, the bed, the table, the saddle, the fireside, the country. . . ." He has perceived, in short, as did Dostoevsky in his turn, the nature of the conceit which is fed by the intellectual pride of man and has declared for the reconciliation of the individual will with the loving and forgiving community of man.

NICO

by Richard Barnes

TRACES of Nico's past showed in his face, dark aquiline, no more fierce than noble: the Moor, Spaniard, Indian, peon, not stranger to cruelty nor to suffering. His green eyes, strikingly pale in his dark face, were the living carnal remains of a Scottish archaeologist who had visited his lust and terrible vitality upon Nico's maternal grandmother, a peon's daughter whom he found dwelling innocent by the site of her ancestors' human sacrifices. Nico's eyes were like his mother's, and proof to her that the taint of her own guilty birth could not be washed away in one generation. Her eyes, as fierce as his, held him now:

"Thou wilt not come, then."

He felt overpowered by her presence, and his determination seemed about to fail as it had failed often, always, in the past; but this time he held. As when sometimes in delirium the body seems to fall away and all but one tiny bright point of the mind goes dark and helpless, full of devils; but that one point remains illuminated and above, like a candent wick floating in and on a turbulent sea of oil; so now he felt his own proper identifying conscience to be separate from the rest, directing still though tossed by storm.

"No. With your permission, no."

She was wearing her black silk dress and black lace shawl, ready for church. Her green eyes flamed in her fine dark face. "Is it that the son of my womb would escape his past? Thou art foolish to think thou canst. Can the fish escape the river? the tree the earth? The blind serpent that has shed a skin, what has it escaped?

"I do not wish to escape."

"What, then? Why dost thou flee?"

"I don't flee. But I have to know." He was confused because he knew that he could not explain to her: who had always known what she needed to know and whose doubts had been of a different order from his own.

"Know what?"

"I don't know." He made a helpless gesture with his hands.

"Have to know, don't know! I could weep, ay I could weep until the blood came: blood, gall, my soul's very water, through my eyes. Is that Virgin deaf to my prayers, whose son was nailed to the cross? My tears are as salt as hers, my sorrow as deep; who lost her son for the salvation does not answer the prayers of an old woman with a dry womb whose son casts away his own soul!"

He feared that she would rise to a flight of religious passion, and he shored up his will. Their fierce green eyes met hard. Her breath was rapid, her fine nostrils flared. By an effort of will he kept up his eyes.

She said: "Come with me."

"No."

And then it was over. She turned and went out the front door, her black lace shawl like a cloud floating around her. Nico drew his hand across his eyes and sat down to smoke. Slowly he struggled free of the force of her presence.

The circle of safety had somehow become too small. Spanish language, Roman Church, Mexican culture: what did it mean? He felt that he could not breathe. At San Quentin, and after that in the Marines, consciously; through the slow sunny years before, more surely but without words; then he had been sustained by the medium in which he now struggled and drowned. Standing alone in the hostile courtroom in Los Angeles, afraid, proud, fierce, desperate, his stuff cuff pants torn, his fingertip coat gone, he had told the judge, lying, —*No hablo inglés. No speak English.* Then the mother tongue hid him. And his mother's letters, written in Father Michael's neat slanting hand, which he kept in his shirt pocket, behind his number, —*my son, prayers for thy safe return. Saint James the mornings, the Guadalupana every night. I pray for a sign but none has come yet. A tumbleweed has been growing on thy father's grave. Last night when I invoked the Guadalupana a star caught fire and fell toward the west. This is a time of trouble. I wait and pray.* (She never knew he was in the prison, for he wrote from the first that he had joined the Marines. She did not read, nor listen to any radio, and the neighbors in deference to her de-

rangement or sainthood did not tell her about him. She was respected as a holy woman by all the Mexicans in the barrio. Father Michael, with the uneasy pride of the patron whose protégé is more brilliant than himself, read her Nico's letters, kept his peace, and prayed for all their souls.)

But now he drowned.

Jaime asked, "But what does it matter? Why don't you just go with her and save the trouble?" They were walking up Calle Segunda toward the pool hall in the cold, strong, pale desert sunlight. It was three in the afternoon. There was a smell as of burnt duck feathers on the dry breeze.

"I tell you I don't know about religion."

"Hell, who knows about religion? Is that any reason to make trouble over it?"

"I don't know."

"You like being in the church, don't you? Why not go, if you like it?" Jaime spread out his hands. "If it gets you out of hell, you better go. If not, what harm does it do? None. Then why not go?"

"It harms me enough that I can't. I can't go now because of the way it used to be for me."

They came to the pool hall and went inside. Some Indians were there. The cantinero Emilio brought them two beers. He was a good cantinero and knew the kind they liked.

"You're crazy, man," Jaime said, "you take things too hard."

"It would be wrong to go doubting. I know that. *Salud.*"

"*Salud.*"

The motions without the meaning are sure perdition; this his guilty heart knew. Those Indians, what of them? Were they lost? Moved off their own land to lay the steel rails while the old old medicine men prayed to a different sky, back on the land; surrounded, astounded by the world beyond the reservation, its vastness exceeding myth, inexplicable, the strange ways of the powerful white men; yet on week ends when they did not work they kept the old ways. In purple cowboy boots they did the shuffling dances to

the beat of an oil drum; naked down in the river bottom, in huts built of cottonwood branches and railroad ties and tar paper, they took the ancient steam baths and then came out made drunk by religion, shiny with sweat, and rolled in the clinging sand. But what they did was just the motions. Like their cousins who underwent baptism for the missionaries' trinkets, they used the outward visible form without thought of the inward spiritual grace. So at least said old Cano who as a boy in New Mexico had run away from his mother's home, from her husband's who was not his father, to live with the Indians. He knew the dances and had taken the steam baths. —*They just do it,* he had told Nico. *They do it fifty times and then maybe they know why or maybe they forget about the question why. Those Indians think it's like getting born. They don't know. If they do it, then they're still Indians. That's all.*

But did those Indians know a purity of sensual reality that he had known and lost; but remembered, oh, he remembered: a meaning not in words, pure sound: quotidianum da nobis hodie nobis quoque peccatoribus qui tolis peccata mundi miserere nobis in nomine domine, spiritus sanctus, sanctifietur nomen tuum, Maria, Maria, Ave Maria gratia plena, communicantes et memoriam venerantes sed et beatorum Apostolorum ac Martyrum tuorum Petri et Pauli Andreae Jacobi Jannis Thomae Jacobi Lini Cleti Clementis . . . a current that carried him, a cool spring where he breathed. But now his gills were filled with flesh, his helpless lungs choked, he drowned in confusion. But the Indians: were they damned? Was that sensual purity, if they had it, any kind of salvation?

Cano, what of him? Old know it all. You couldn't tell about Cano: seamed bark over layers of cynicism and sincerity. If the Indians were Indians because they took steam baths, was Cano an Indian too or a Mexican? Were any of them Mexicans, or Americans?

"Hell no," Jaime said. "We don't talk good English. We don't talk good Spanish. We're just crazy guys, I guess. That right, Emilio?"

Emilio smiled and said, "It's true."

But his mother was what she was, and he was wrong.

The Indians in the pool hall were wearing bright cowboy shirts and boots, drinking Pepsi-Cola while they played clumsily at pool. They ignored Jaime and Nico. From time to time they spoke among themselves in their soft, slushy-sounding language.

Nico asked Emilio, "Has Cano been here today?"

"No. I believe he may be working." Cano did as little work as possible because he liked to stay in the pool hall and talk; to that end he had reduced his wants to the simplest: horsemeat, onions, and beans, a bunk in a woodshed, clothes from the Good Will. He liked to say that he spent less than any other man in San Bernardino county: *—One man makes a little fire and stays near it. Another makes a big one, can't get near, keeps warm getting wood. You figure it out.* The last phrase in English. Cano used it often. When he did need money he could get work easily because he was truly a good carpenter. He did not seem to have to take pains to do precise work, it was a gift, the tools seemed to obey him on their own, his work was fine and clean. He did like to do carpentry work, even though he did it as little as he could. *—A man who gets married wears out his love for woman; a man who keeps the same job quits loving his work. Are priests religious? No. Do school children love to learn? No. Who is your true lover of woman, God, work, knowledge? I am.*

Jaime said, "It seems strange not to see him here."

Nico stood at the bar and tasted the beer made bitter by the thought of his mother disapproving; the denied longing, to love and to respect her for her powers and gifts and passionate care, was like an ache in his chest.

When he had gone to Los Angeles to get the factory job and had become a *pachuco* he had thought he despised her and thought her foolish or crazy. *Locura de Dios.* That seemed a long time ago, or someone else. He looked at the tattoo he had made on his left hand with a pin and some India ink: a cross with lines radiating from it and below his *pachuco* name, "Kino," his own name with the sounds mixed up. A different name, a different person, a boy with heavy side-hair and with whiskers on the tip of his chin, wearing thick-soled shoes, *chanclas,* walking with a slouch and keeping bad company: tough punks with puking laughs, set drifting during their years of

pimples and furious sexuality, a close and loyal group because of the sailors and the cops. *Pastillas,* they used to call the cops, "cough-drops." When some sailors caught Nacho alone and beat him and shaved his head and left him naked in an alley, all the rest of the crowd got head-shaves the next day: for a while they walked with their heads feeling cold without the weight and warmth of the duck-butts; and watched for a sailor. But even then he had not been free: you are more surely a slave if you deliberately break every rule than you are if you obey every rule: for the only perfect freedom is a kind of service. And that capanean tattoo he had made on his upper arm while in jail—*chingaramos los gavachos*—he had had that covered by another, the Virgin of Guadalupe with a serpent like a scroll underneath on which was written MÉXICO. Absently he scratched the homemade tattoo on his left hand, letting his eyes wander over the pictures and objects on the wall behind Emilio: calendars from Mexico and beer ads and a picture of two Mexican boys in U.S. Army uniforms holding a regimental flag and licenses and a William G. Bonelli sign and a card covered by cellophane packages of jerky with a picture of a girl underneath so that a bit more of her was exposed each time a package was sold and freak lemons and a card with razor blades. The one tattoo, the other one hidden, a memory, were all that remained of his former self. He no more felt that he was yet the same person as that young *pachuco* than he felt himself to be the same person as his ancestors, or as Joaquín Murietta, or as Juan Diego who first saw the Guadalupana.

His mother had a picture of the Guadalupana painted on tin, one of the few things she had brought with her from Mexico. As a child he had thought it a portrait of his mother. One face can grow to be much like another.

Jaime said, "Those Indians aren't very friendly," and Emilio agreed, "They keep to themselves in here." Jaime caught the eye of one of them and called over to him in English, "Hey, Chief! Come over here!"

The Indian Jaime was calling looked over at them but made no response. He was wearing a maroon dude shirt with white piping on the collar, yoke, and pockets.

Jaime called again and beckoned. The Indian looked around at his companions and then came over, carrying his pool cue. He set the butt on the floor and held the shaft with both hands.

Jaime said, "How, Chief. You speak 'español?

The Indian shook his head.

Jaime said, "This is my friend Nico. I'm Jaime: James. What's your name?"

The Indian made a grunting sound: "*Hrunh.*"

"What?"

"*Hrunh.*"

"I don't dig you, Chief."

The Indian frowned. "*Hrunh. Uff-ah-eh-unh-kuh, Hrunh.*"

Nico said, "Frank?"

The Indian nodded. Jaime said, "Where do you get that?"

"F-r-a-n-k, Frank." Nico shook hands with the Indian. The Indian's hand was cool and moist, and the short fingers tapered from the fat, hard palm so that the hand seemed wedge-shaped. He did not press Nico's hand at all. Jaime said, "Frank, is it: Pancho. Glad to meet you, Pancho. Emilio, denos una cerveza pa' Pancho."

Emilio shook his head. From his wallet he took a small newspaper clipping that told of the new law to allow selling alcoholic drinks to Indians: it said that the law had passed the assembly and the state senate but had not yet been signed by the governor. "Una Pepsi?"

Frank shook his head.

"Sure," Jaime said, "get Frank here a Pepsi."

Emilio got a Pepsi-Cola from the box and put it on the counter. Frank did not look at it. He was rubbing the blue chalk off the tip of his cue. Then he looked up at Jaime and Nico but no one said anything. With a shrug Frank went back to the pool table.

"Friendly bastard," Jaime said.

They started a second beer and the talk turned to other things: and then to yet other. When the Indians left, Jaime and Nico ignored them. Hours later, when Jaime and Nico went out, the bottle of Pepsi-Cola was still untouched on the counter where Emilio had put it.

It was dark outside and the starry desert cold was settling in. Blown over the mountains from the cloud-filled coastal valley a hundred miles away, down slanting joshua mesas, over rock and greasewood, over the dry cold bunch grass and the waiting sticks of ocotillo, the urging wind, scentless and cold, moved dust, feathers, and bits of paper in the street and ruffled Nico's spirit as it did the tight hot blossoms of the winter rose. He felt unappeased.

They walked back down Calle Segunda. Jaime sensed Nico's mood and did not speak; and when they came to the cross street which they ordinarily would have turned down to go home, Nico, listless, peregrine, continued on Calle Segunda, and Jaime came on without question.

In the river bottom the cottonwoods flashing the pale undersides of their leaves seemed fanned by the wind to a cold fire; on the ground the sand drifted with the last shreds of the cotton-borne seed. Evening cooking smells and the diesel stink of trains mingled in the stiffening wind, which carried the hum of the town at nightfall and the barking of dogs.

Suddenly in the dark street ahead of them they saw dark shapes moving. A man was struggling on the ground between two parked cars and some others seemed either to be knocking him down or trying without success to pick him up. They were making wordless grunts and their boots scuffled the packed earth.

Then one lifted up a thick and bloody screech, at the limit of his power, and held it until his breath was gone. It was a long sound that seemed heavy, inert, too heavy to be carried by the wind. The sound was not like anything Nico had ever heard before but he felt that he knew the sound, for he understood completely what it contained: hard fear and anger and humiliation and outrage at the coming of death.

They hurried ahead.

The men, the Indians who had been at the pool hall, were still trying to pick up the one on the ground. The one on the ground was Frank. He had stopped struggling; his mouth and eyes were open; around him rose the reek of vomit.

Nico's foot struck something: with a dull clank and a splash a

tin can rolled away from his foot spreading liquid dark on the earth. An Indian who was lying under the front end of one of the cars started up at the sound and banged his head against the bumper. From that Nico understood what was happening: the Indians had been going down the street smelling radiators and draining out and drinking the water of those that had methyl alcohol mixed in to prevent freezing; but Frank had made a mistake and had drunk some ethylene glycol instead, and was dying: or was dead.

All had noticed Jaime and Nico and now all of Frank's companions stood up, some a little unsteadily, facing them; allowing Frank to fall face down to the earth. There were four of them. One was speaking *hluthsh lethsh* to the others.

Jaime asked in English, "What happened to Frank? Is he drunk?"

No one replied. The one who was speaking continued excitedly. His low voice made the kind of sound a horse makes walking rapidly in deep mud. Jaime and Nico stood looking at the round, hostile faces.

Jaime asked, "Is he dead? You speak English?"

The angry sibilant voice stopped, questioning. Another answered briefly.

Jaime asked Nico, "Are they mad at us?"

"Maybe they think because we talked to Frank we killed him," Nico said. "Maybe they think it was because we wanted to kill him that we asked him what his name was." He kept his eyes on the Indians. As sometimes in dreams Nico felt that he could notice everything and that time had slowed; but he felt none of the paralysis of nightmare, none of the suffocating fear. His blood was singing, every sense alert. What he felt was a liberation, a rapture, a freedom not to choose. If the Indians were talking themselves into a mood to fight, fighting was one of the things he had learned well. He watched the four of them, squat, heavy, bowlegged, drunken, and within the safety of his own strength and speed he waited for them to move.

When they came on he was ready: he dodged and struck and leapt away and came back again: all his energies concentrated, no

crippling questions why or whether, no slow thought at all, just his own reflexes faster than words, the rapt animal motion. Jaime was on his knees but striking hard and low. Nico saw (too late!) a brown fist with a heavy ring come from the side; he was kicking, punching as he found targets, thrashing when the thick arms closed round. He twisted back, boring back with his weight on his elbow against a heavy body, stepped away, came in again low with his shoulder and then his fist, feeling his whole body straighten from right foot to right fist against the flat face. The Indian stumbled, fell back, his head hit and dented the door of a car, he hung for a moment with his shoulders on the running board and then rolled off and lay on the ground.

Then in the dim light he saw a knife flash dull and quick down on Jaime's back, opening shirt and skin, while to his left another knife was drawn out of its boot sheath. Jaime was up and running; he turned to look for Nico and Nico was already following. They ran together up the street, into the wind, while the slow boots thumped the earth behind them.

"Of course," old Cano said. Por supuesto.

Nico shook his head. "You can say that," he said.

"And how not?"

Nico shrugged.

They were sitting in Emilio's. It was late in the afternoon. To Nico it seemed like Sunday because he was usually at work this time other days. Nico said, "When I got home I didn't even know my cheek was cut. There was blood all down on my shirt and the side of my face but the bleeding had stopped and it wasn't hurting much. I thought it was just a bruise."

Cano drank his beer and listened.

"I cleaned it up in the morning but she saw it anyway and asked what happened. I wouldn't tell her. Told her I didn't know. That was stupid. She started thinking up things and the things she thought up were worse than what happened so I finally told her. She had heard about the Indians already, at the store. The one was dead and the other was in the hospital, hurt bad. She took it for my guilt and started praying for me." He stopped.

"Go on."

"Well—you know how she is when she prays." He could hear the nervous surges of her high-straining voice: —*Saint Christopher, spare thy poor bloody broken Indian, his body and his soul, spare the son of my womb the guilt of his blood and life. We sin, all, all. Thou who spared the woman dressed in scarlet burn the sin from my son's soul and salve it with Thy grace. And thou white flower of olive—Guadalupana—dark lady of the net of flowers who won the priest's faith by roses in winter—call my son into grace. For he is dark, dark, dark, his soul is full of maggots, he is beyond the light. The ants crawl in his flesh, his bones are lime, he dies alone. His soul is dark, an empty cupboard, death, death, his ways are death. The plaster saints lie covered with lace and dust and my son walks by alone. But save him, all powers, move in his broken soul. Burn a light in his darkness. Make life in death. Let the serpent eat the ant . . .*

"She prayed over me for two hours," he told Cano.

"She's done that before?"

"Never like this. She never went so high or so long."

"What will she do?"

"I don't know. She might do anything."

"You told her about the prison."

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Almost because I had to." Casi por compriso. "I told her all about it. I told her I got framed: I did: anybody who wore drapes then was asking to get framed. She seemed glad I'd been to prison. It was like a penance. But then I told her about how I was framed, and she flew off praying again."

"What about?"

Nico drew a long breath.

"Do you remember?"

—*He is lost, lost. His blood is mine, stained, stained. Blood may be washed by blood only or by the cleansing fire. Saint Peter Martyr, cleanse him. Guadalupana, wash him. His father's blood has stained the porch for nine years. Ay his mother's blood runs mixed and stained. Cleanse it thou Saint Peter Martyr, cleanse it*

thou Morena, by fire and by flow. Ay he is gone from us, outside, he slides down the stream . . .

"About things wrong about me. Some I didn't remember from when I was too young. Some I got just by being born. And about—you know—me alone, outside, drifting."

"You think she was right to do so." It was a statement.

"Maybe. Do you?"

"Let her keep praying." Nico looked away. Cano went on. "Some people can stay where they are, and some can't. Some people aren't anywhere to stay. How you change that there's nobody who can tell you. You got to swim in air." Nico looked at Cano: Cano smiled his salt smile and leaned back against the counter. "The wind blows where it wants to. Maybe it'll blow you where you want to go."

Nico called to Emilio for another beer. He was glad Cano had not asked any more questions. The two hours of praying had left him passionately weary; and now with too many words in his ears he suddenly wished to hear no more. He picked up the beer when Emilio brought it and with his change went over to play the juke box.

The sun had set when Nico came out, but the sky was still brilliant darkening fire over the blue-black rim of desert horizon to the west; just above the horizon hung the down-swung crescent of the new moon, with the old moon, darkly luminous, resting in it as in a vessel. Somehow the sight quickened his dulled senses, and he walked briskly along in the evening chill, feeling neither hope nor fear but a kind of expectation: down Calle Segunda to his own street, then down that street between the two rows of neat small houses in shaded yards full of flowers and vegetable plants behind leaning lath or chicken-wire fences overgrown with climbing roses. When the fire alarm sounded it was as if he had expected it.

With quickening heart, a taste like that of fear flowing into his mouth, he began to run. Soon he saw: smoke was pouring from the windows of his house, and people had gathered, some just watching, some connecting up the garden hose. He ran faster, straight to the house. Some of the people saw him and tried to stop him but he

came at a tight run and was inside where they dared not follow before they could awake to action.

The smoke inside brought coughs and tears immediately and as he went from the living room to the bedroom the doorknob burned his hand. The back wall was beginning to give off smoke, the wall separating bedroom from bathroom was already in flames: as he felt that he had known it would be. As if he had done it often before he went unhesitatingly to the doorway of the bathroom.

His mother was standing in the bathtub, her hands pressed together holding a rose between the palms. Smoke and flame filled the air, and drifting ashes of paper; at her feet in the bathtub the ashes of crumpled newspaper gave their last flame. Her green eyes were open, aflame, the color of cottonwood foliage in the wind; her face glowed with a fierce joy, afire, radiant with candent beauty. Without surprise Nico watched every detail, the choking smoke, the drifting ashes like black fish, his mother's face. He shouted to her but she gave no notice; but burned with the holy flame.

Tugarin the Dragon

A. K. Tolstoy

Translated from the Russian by J. A. Posin

On the shore of the light-colored Dnieper, amid powerful boyars,
Near the capital city of Kiev, Vladimir is holding a feast. Young
And old, everyone's here, and the ringing of forged goblets
Resounds far into the distance—
    Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado!
And Vladimir says: "Why, where are the singers? Without them
The feast has no gaiety!" And suddenly, a singer, a stranger
Steps out from the back rows to answer the princely call:
    Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado!
His eyes are like cracks, his mouth is stretched out,
His face has no resemblance to a face,
And his cheekbones stick out with angles in front,
And the Russian people exclaimed with horror:
    "Oh, mug! Oh, terrible mug!"
And he began to sing in a strange way:
"Power is reward for the daring!
You, Prince, are powerful and rich in treasure,
And the distant Tsargrad remembers your boats,
    Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado!
But your family will not be protected by fate forever:
Difficult times are coming,
Your Kiev will be enveloped in flames and smoke,
And your grandchildren will hold the golden stirrups
    For my grandchildren."
And Vladimir flared up on hearing such words,
His eyes flashed with anger—
But suddenly, he laughed and the roar of his laughter
Rolled through the ranks like thunder in the sky—
    Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado!
Vladimir is laughing and his sons are laughing, too;
His wife is giggling, with a downcast gaze;
The boyars are laughing, the princes all laugh,

And the dashing Popovich, the old man Iliya,
And the daring Dobrynia Nikitich.
The singer continues: "My message is ridiculous,
And offensive to your ear? Not one of you can bear the insult!
The Russians treasure their honor beyond any price,
Their slogan is: 'Lest I be ashamed!'
Their judgments are performed at the public Veche,
Insults dealt to them can only be removed on a battlefield.
But different days are coming—you wait—and the knout
Will take the place of honor with you, and the place of Veche—
The will of Kagan!"
"Wait," says Iliya, "though your voice is sweet,
Your song is very unseemly!
The Bandit-Nightingale had a resonant voice like you, too,
But I stopped his singing with the palm of my hand,
Look out you don't get the same thing!"
The singer continues: "The time will also come
When our Khan will bow down to the Christians,
And the Russian people will rise once more, and one of you
Will again unify the Russian land, but he
Will appoint himself a khan over it!
And he will sit in his palace like an idol in the middle of the temple,
And he will beat you on the back with clubs,
And you will beat your brow on the ground in supplication—
Oh, shame, oh, bitter shame!"
"Wait!" says Popovich, "even though you are husky of stature,
Still you'd better listen, you unclean mug:
Once a cow got into my father's pasture,
Well, I flung her over the roof by the tail!
Look out you don't get the same thing!"
But the other continues, with a wolfish grin:
"You will take on our custom,
You will learn to despise honor, and then,
Having swallowed a bellyful of Tartardom,
You will name it Russia!
And you will quarrel with your honorable past,

And to the eternal shame of your great ancestors,
Not heeding the voice of your own native blood,
You will say: 'Let us turn our backs on Varangians,
And turn our faces to Obdors.' "
"Wait!" said Dobrynia, "don't you dare prophesy such a misfortune to us!
I recognize you by your vile speech:
You're the old Tugarin, that filthy dragon,
Who has swum here from the Black Sea!
On paper wings, in the black of the night,
You often flew around the city of Kiev emitting hisses on the way,
But it won't be the first time
That I shall treat you to a sharp arrow—
Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado!"
And Dobrynia began to point his bow,
And here, to everybody's amusement,
Hearing the giant arrow's ominous sound,
The singer suddenly turned dragon,
And jumped into the water while hissing.
"Pfui, what nastiness!" said Vladimir holding his nose from unbearable stench,
"He was certainly far-fetched in his nasty song,
But thank goodness—all credit to Dobrynia—
The cur has run away,
Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado!"
And the dragon is swimming away along the Dnieper,
And, pursuing the reptile with laughter,
The Russian people yell derisively after him:
"I guess he won't sing his song any more here—
Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado!"
Vladimir is laughing: "Look, what shame he thought to threaten us with!
That we should take humiliation from Tugarin!
That we should bare our backs to clubs;
That we should turn to the Obdors!
No, you've guessed wrong! Our Russian Russia is still alive,

And we don't need any Tartar Russia;
He is lying in his teeth, the rootless cur;
I am not afraid for the honor of our Motherland—
Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado.
And if perchance calamity should befall her,
Our descendants will weather the storm!
It sometimes happens," the illustrious Prince added,
"That necessity forces people to go through mud,
But only pigs enjoy wallowing in it.
So give me my giant goblet, that goblet which I've won in battle
In the combat with the Khozar khan—
I drink it at one gulp to the Russian ways,
To the ancient Russian Veche!
To the free, honorable Slavic people,
To the famous bell of Novgorod,
And if it even should fall into dust,
Let the ringing of it live in the hearts of descendants—
Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado!
I drink to Varangians, our dashing ancestors,
Who have upheld Russian might,
Who glorified our Kiev, who have subdued the Greek;
To the blue sea which, with a roar,
Has brought them to us from the West!"
And Vladimir drank deeply, and at once all around,
Like the ripple of a group of swans,
Like the summer thunder coming out of the cloud,
The people answered: "We drink to the Prince—
Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado.
Let him rule the Russian people in a Russian way,
But the Khan we don't want even gratis!
And if time of misfortune should descend upon us,
We believe that Russia will manage through it victoriously—
Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado."
Vladimir is feasting with a carefree countenance,
In his manly chest there's joy;
He is confident: we will get through misfortune victoriously,

And he is happy to hear over the Dnieper:
"Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado!"
The host of the boyars are feasting with Vladimir,
The town officials are feasting,
The whole Kiev is feasting, all the young, all the old,
And far into the distance is heard the ringing of forged goblets—
Oi lado, oi ladushko-lado!

OPPOSITION AND SUPPRESSION IN COMMUNIST CHINA

by Yu-nan Chang

ON January 25, 1956, Mao Tse-tung told the Supreme State Conference of the Chinese People's Republic that within approximately three years the basic work of socialization in China will have been completed through "peaceful and persuasive" methods. This is one of the more recent in a series of similar statements that have come from Peking during the last year. Although the Five Year Plan has been modified along lines which government spokesmen describe as "more in conformity with reality," official statements of the progress made thus far have been positive and optimistic.

The program for nationalizing the means of production has been stepped up and socialization is already complete in Peking, Shanghai, and Canton. Despite obstacles—undefined—the agricultural co-operatives movement has also been speeded through increased "voluntary" membership. A typical summing up of the situation was offered by the Peking radio in June 1955: the cost of living had dropped 7.7 per cent since March 1950, industrial production had quadrupled and cotton production tripled since 1949, and grain production was up 50 per cent. A "new stage" in the socialist transformation of China was presumably well under way.

The following month, however, when the Second Session of the National People's Congress of China was convened, the emphasis shifted. The chief official business of the Congress was the revision of the Five Year Plan along less ambitious lines, and the problem which dominated the attention of delegates and officials alike was the suppression of counterrevolutionary activities. This was evi-

dent from reports which appeared in the *People's Daily*, a Communist newspaper, of statements by the deputies and provincial officials and speeches of the ministers in charge of public security and other agencies of control—the people's procuratorate, the people's court, the ministry of justice, and the ministry of supervision. The *People's Daily* also recorded the official announcement that renewed efforts to suppress counterrevolutionary activities were now being initiated. This suggests that Mao's "peaceful and persuasive" methods will apply only after all threats to the political stability of the Chinese Communist Party have been eliminated and that these threats still persist despite the prosperity and progress which the Communist regime has brought to China.

The term "counterrevolutionary activities" embraces all acts of sabotage, armed resistance, espionage, and secret societies, and is general enough to include any act, destructive or not, which seems contrary to the best interests of the Communist regime. The announcement of the renewed suppression followed closely the March purge of Kao Kang, head of the Communist administration in Northeast China, and Jao Shu-shi, Communist chief in East China, and the arrest of Hu Feng and Pan Han-nien, one a noted Communist writer and the other a deputy mayor of Shanghai, in July. One may wonder why renewed effort for the suppression of such activities is necessary, when Communist China has been pursuing the same policy for the past five years. Furthermore, less than three years has elapsed since the last major suppression campaign. In order to appraise the significance of the new attempt, one should first examine the scope of reported counterrevolutionary activities and then briefly review the instruments and policies instituted by the Communists to deal with this problem.

I

The discussion of counterrevolutionary activities at the 1955 Congress, although debated in the same hostile tone and with urgency similar to that which prevailed in 1951, was very different in range of intent. For one thing, the recently discussed counterrevolutionary activities no longer fall into the same categories:

activities in the early period, 1950–52, were concerned with armed banditry, "landlordism," and espionage; today, counterrevolutionary activities have expanded to include large-scale sabotage in industry and the well-organized underground activities and the plottings of secret societies. For another, present activities have reached into all organizations, including factories and administrative and Party organizations throughout the country. Finally, counterrevolutionary activities are associated with Party purges. It cannot be absolutely true, for example, that the purges of 1955 were purely matters of Party discipline. It was reported that the purge of Kao and Jao was the result of their anti-Party alliance, while the Hu and Pan affair was probably the result of their persistent counterrevolutionary activities.

The rising tide of counterrevolutionary activity scarcely abated when the Communists hastened industrialization in the cities and undertook the formation of agricultural producers' co-operatives in rural districts. Indeed, sabotage cases in connection with economic construction were on the upswing. From January 1954 to May 1955, a total of 364,604 cases of sabotage was reported by Shih Liang, Minister of Justice, when she appeared before the members of the Second Session of the National People's Congress. These cases were prosecuted by first trial courts in all but a few districts. According to Shih Liang, cases of sabotage amounted to 30.92 per cent of all prosecuted criminal cases during this period. In Hopei Province, for example, the 1954 sabotage cases were 160 per cent higher than in 1953; in Shansi Province, similar cases doubled the 1953 figure. In Kweichow, a province in Southwest China, the number of sabotage cases rose 13 per cent in the fourth quarter of 1954, an appreciable increase when taken together with other evidences of growing public disorder. The number of murder cases increased by 27.4 per cent, and cases of fire and arson increased 90 per cent.

The Communists classify as sabotage such violations of law as arson, large-scale theft, waste resulting in the loss of state property, and a number of other destructive acts. Major fires reportedly set by saboteurs destroyed two factories in the Ma Tien mining area,

Hunan Province, and put the mine out of operation for nearly two months. Similar cases were reported in Anhwei, where a textile factory in Wu-hu was burned down, with a reported damage of 160,000 yuan (approximately $64,000). Fires in rural districts are even more common. The Ministry of Public Security took special cognizance of them in a May 1955 directive calling for constant vigilance to prevent arson by strengthening public security work in rural areas and to control conflagrations by organizing fire-fighting teams in areas where most needed.

Large-scale theft was also reported in all major industrial centers. In some provinces as many as 8,465 cases were disposed of by the people's courts between January 1954 and March 1955. A few organized theft syndicates, each involving over two hundred collaborators, were reported to be operating in Shanghai. A syndicate was disclosed to have stolen electrical and transportation materials costing 80,000 yuan ($32,000). When stolen goods are not put on the black market for resale, they are supplied to the so-called "underground factories," which are said to be operated by "outlawed bourgeoisie." Another syndicate in Heilunkiang Province, Northeast China, operated in a similar manner, and reports have been received from Wuhan, Central-South China, where a syndicate is alleged to have stolen construction steel and other materials. These reports suggest that despite the tightening of Communist control, black markets continue to exist on the China mainland and serve as an outlet for stolen material.

There have been many reports of sabotage cases involving the destruction of mines and machinery. The explosion of the Hsa Hua Yüan mining area, Hopei Province, was a case in point. In Taiyuan, Shansi Province, a newly installed five-ton steam hamper was sabotaged before it could be put into operation. In Hunan, the Hunan-Hupeh paper mill lost the use of a piece of machinery valued at 22,000 yuan ($8,800).

Indirectly connected with large-scale sabotage are the growing instances of industrial waste, some of which are regarded by the Communists as the result of counterrevolutionary activity. It is a serious matter which greatly hampers economic construction. Chin

Yin, Minister of Supervision, whose job is primarily to watch Communist-controlled organizations to ensure their adherence to state regulations and discipline, reported that excessive accumulation of materials, with a total value of 350,000,000 yuan ($140,000,000), according to an incomplete set of statistics, were discovered during an investigation of 300 industrial organizations during 1954–55. The marketing of poor-quality goods and the waste of foodstuffs due to improper storage are common in all parts of China. In 1954, for example, a Mukden heavy-machinery-manufacturing company produced 28,000 tons of machinery rejected as unusable; the loss was quoted at 1,520,445 yuan ($608,178). A team inspecting warehouses in fourteen counties in Liaoning Province reported the loss of food valued at 100,104,000 yuan ($40,041,600) during the first half of 1955. Instances of loss through waste and inefficiency are found in all industrial, transportation, and commercial organizations.

The Communists accredited successful sabotage to the ability of saboteurs to infiltrate into the industrial and labor organizations, and at the same time blamed the Party and management for negligence. Responsible Party members and management are accused of placing greater importance on their personal properties than on state properties. Consequently, stealing and destruction of material and equipment were not investigated and corrected.

Equally frequent are reports of espionage in key cities and attempts of the underground elements to seize political power in the rural districts. Lo Jui-ch'in, Minister of Public Security, has cited many cases of espionage, specifically in Tientsin, Shanghai, and Canton. In all these cases, businessmen were accused of passing information to Nationalist agents in Hong Kong. Similar Nationalist-supported spy activities are reported in all parts of China. As a means of securing greater propaganda effect, three espionage cases in Chungking were presented at public trial in February of this year. Like cases were noted in Tientsin, Foochow, and many other places. In 1954, a total of 619 various espionage cases were prosecuted in the nation as a whole.

Popular armed resistance is evidenced by the organization of

anti-Communist units and their attacks on the government. This is especially true along the coastal provinces where there is easy access to outside assistance. A recent report by a deputy to the National People's Congress upon his return from an inspection trip in the eastern part of Chekiang, identified as many as five different underground units existing in that area. Armed attacks on *hsiang* (village) government were noted in Hsiang-Shan, Chekiang, and Hsiao-wu in Fukien Province. The Nationalist commando raids and supported underground movements, although decreased since 1951, no doubt created additional difficulties for the Communist regime.

According to the Communists, the most serious instances of counterrevolutionary activity include attempts on the part of landlords and former Kuomintang elements to seize political power in rural districts, to destroy the agricultural producers' co-operatives, and to organize resistance to Communist food ration policies. These activities are evidenced by the increasing rural disorder. Cases of setting fire to granaries, killing of cattle, destroying of farm implements, and violating controls on purchase and centralized market policies are frequently reported. "Reactionaries" were also declared to have control over 10 per cent of all the *hsiang* governments in the nation in 1954. The rapid organization of agricultural producers' co-operatives in 1954 not only made infiltration easier into the co-operatives by the reactionaries, but increased peasant grievances. This perhaps was the main reason for the overhauling of producers' co-operatives in the first few months of 1955, a cut of 20,000 co-operatives from the original 670,000, an effort undertaken jointly with the expansion of Party membership in the rural districts. However, Party expansion is not always a sign of sound Party control in political matters. It is rather a process whereby further measures are taken to discipline and to regain the Party's vitality.

Former landlords, who are now either under police surveillance or released on parole, officials of the past Nationalist regime, and some of the new rich, who are either Communist Party members or former poor peasants, are also accused of creating rural disorder. With the reported apathy of Communist Party members working

in the rural districts and the incapacity of poorly educated Communist workers for handling the complex affairs of the co-operatives, Communist rural policies are facing severe obstacles. Success or failure in eliminating these causes may constitute the real test for Communist agricultural policies on mainland China.

Secret societies, once rebellious organizations representing resistance to social change and expression of public discontent, are regarded by the Communists as "reactionary" organizations and are generally employed by the Nationalists for espionage. While few of these secret societies may have engaged in espionage against the Communist regime, many others are organized as a protest to the regime and a gesture of public discontent.

Despite the Communist effort to outlaw secret societies dedicated to the resisting of social change, their activities are spreading. Unlike similar organizations which existed under the Nationalist rule, contemporary secret societies appear in smaller units and in many divided sects. The notable ones, first active in North China—I Kwan Tao, Ta Fu Tao, Shen Shan Tao, Hsiang Tien Tao, Tien Tao, and Kwei Ken Tao—are now operating in other parts of China. In Shansi in Northwest China, Chekiang in East China, Kwangtung and Kwangsi in South China, and Kweichow in Southwest China, their activities are gaining momentum.

Secret societies generally forecast a doomed future and preach indifference and passiveness. In a society where public discontent is strong, this type of philosophy would attract the already depressed people. These societies play heavily upon superstition and ignorance, and in a society where the individual has lost his identity, their teachings may have a great appeal, spreading far beyond the peasant masses.

II

The Communist effort to suppress opposition is based on the establishment of many control organs and the employment of terror. The control organs range from people's courts, public security agencies, and people's procuratorates to the offices of supervision. With the exception of the people's courts, these organs are centralized and maintain branches in a variety of organizations—admin-

istrative offices, business firms, factories—at all levels from the central government down to the county. The public security agencies, people's procuratorates, and offices of supervision are also tightly knitted with the control committees of the Communist Party of China, which are organized in places where other control branches exist. Unquestionably, the Party control committees hold the ultimate command on matters of public safety and political discipline.

The people's court is conceived neither as an institution of the state nor as the protector of individual rights, but as a weapon. Hence it depends upon the state and the Party for implementation, and serves as a guardian of the Communist system. During the first few years of Communist rule, people's tribunals were widely established for political expediency. In the pre-Constitution period, people's tribunals could be constituted by a mere executive order. The land reform tribunals, the Three-Anti tribunals, the Five-Anti tribunals, and the election tribunals were all created by administrative acts, without legal sanction. People's tribunals were given enormous powers: they might grant judgment of five years' imprisonment or the death sentence.

Mass trials were the usual form of adjudication employed by the people's tribunals. During these trials, the hatred of the populace was aroused and their emotions utilized by Party members, who formed the majority of the members in the adjudication committee. The organic law of the people's court in the post-Constitution period sanctions the continued functioning of these people's tribunals and the use of mass trials.

Public security agencies serve as the overseers of forced labor camps and also exercise tight control over the general populace. These agencies have been established on all levels of government from the subsecurity station on a street or alley and the public security committee in a rural administration on up. Security committees in the factories and business offices serve a parallel purpose. Thus, in addition to controlling the police and making arrests, public security agencies can issue regulations regarding matters of public safety affecting nearly all phases of an individual's life.

Suppression of all opposition has been one of the foremost tasks of the Communist Party in its endeavor to secure political power.

The several drives launched by the Communists in the past years were aimed at political opposition which imperiled the regime. The land reform was directed at the elimination of landlords and the traditional hierarchy which existed in the rural communities. Likewise, the "democratic reform" campaign in the cities sought the purge of traditional leadership in the trade unions as well as the elimination of gangsters, vagrants, and other "unproductive members" of the urban community. But the most vigorous nation-wide movement was the suppression of counterrevolutionary activities launched in the first months of 1951. Co-ordinated with land reform, the Resist-America-Aid-Korea movement, and the "democratic reform" campaign, the movement to suppress counterrevolutionary activities climaxed the series of drives undertaken by the Communist regime in 1950–52. It was conducted at varying tempos, depending upon the locality and the nature of local organized resistance. In the city of Shanghai, for example, the 1951 campaign climaxed the measures which had taken place since the Communist capture of the city in April 1949.

Probably the suppression of counterrevolution will never be totally abandoned; it appears as a constant factor in all Chinese Communist reform movements, and is certain to form a part of future measures taken to consolidate and maintain political supremacy. Indeed, the elections of 1953–54, which prepared the way for the National People's Congress in September 1954, the frequent overhauling of Party organizations at all levels, and the repeated attempts to ensure the solidarity of mass organizations under Communist directive, all serve to suggest how carefully and consistently the regime plots to eliminate elements it considers to be "hostile" and "harmful." Any act, the results of which prove undesirable to the regime, can thus, *post facto*, be labeled "counterrevolutionary."

To eliminate landlords as a class was the first task of the Communists in the land reform. During this period, many were put to death and those who received stays of execution were deprived of their means of livelihood. Many more were either condemned to forced labor or placed under the surveillance of the public security agencies. The regulation issued by Communist authorities governing the control of landlords and counterrevolutionaries specified

the period of surveillance to be from three to five years. During this time, they were deprived of all political rights as well as other privileges, such as receiving guests and travel. With the rising trend of criminal cases, landlords were identified as criminals. To stress the landlord's role in criminal cases, the Communists reported a recent case in Canton. Among the forty-four criminals arrested, 30 per cent were said to belong to the landlord class.

The attempted extermination of armed bandits and former Nationalist personnel has not been entirely successful. After the Communist seizure of power, military operations were conducted in all provinces, and by 1951, all provinces had announced the completion of the extermination campaign. Former Kuomintang personnel including officers above the rank of captain were required to register, and most were placed under close and constant surveillance by the police.

In a dictatorship, where a single will is imposed upon the people, the employment of terror by the ruling power is a natural phenomenon. In the case of Communist China, since the Communist Party of China is aimed at the reconstruction of the Chinese society, opposition comes from all directions—political, social, and economic. But the current resistance, however widespread, does not suggest a critically serious challenge to the regime. The regime's economic and military power is still growing. With the exception of secret societies which may have some national identity, other activities appear to be local in character. The strength of these resistance groups is limited, and their actions are not co-ordinated. Many cases involving sabotage, waste, and other harmful activities, moreover, are natural consequences of an overly centralized state system.

The counterrevolutionary movement, then, must be viewed largely as evidence of very real discontent and as a challenge to the regime, but it should not raise our hopes for an early end to the government of Communist China. Mao Tse-tung and his associates may find their drive for the socialization of China in three years slowed down, but the regime itself is likely to maintain itself for a long time to come.

(*Continued from page 91*)

Chinese culture, national character, and politics for Columbia's Research on Contemporary Cultures project, and is now a research associate in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology at Stanford University, studying communication in schizophrenia.

HOYT BARNETT

("Balm in Gilead") writes that his story grew out of his observations during an eighteen-month stay in South Africa prior to joining the Navy in World War II. From 1923 to 1953 he worked for several newspapers, syndicates, and press associations. He left Associated Press in New York in 1941 to do free-lance writing. Following a tour of duty in the Navy during the Korean War, he decided to switch to fiction. He is a commercial fisherman and this winter he is living on the 34-foot ketch, *Bonnie*, in Winchester Bay.

JOHN J. GROSS

("Melville, Dostoevsky, and the People") teaches creative writing at San Jose State College. He has published poetry and critical articles in a number of literary magazines, and this essay is one section, slightly revised, of a book-length study of Herman Melville.

RICHARD BARNES

("Nico") writes us that he is currently at Claremont Graduate School trying to acquire what Johnson said Milton had—"a fantastic luxury of various knowledge." He is also working on a book of short stories and sketches about California, *'Chicanos*, of which "Nico" is one.

COUNT A. K. TOLSTOY

("Tugarin the Dragon"), 1817–75, distant cousin of Leo Tolstoy, was a prominent Russian writer in his own right. Excelling in both prose and poetry, he wrote the novel *Prince Serebriany* as well as three plays devoted to the period of the reigns of Ivan the Terrible and Boris Godunov. He also wrote a number of shorter poems, one of which is presented here in translation.

J. A. POSIN

(translator, "Tugarin the Dragon") was born in Russia. Since 1946, he has been associate professor of Russian at Stanford.

YU-NAN CHANG

("Opposition and Suppression in Communist China") was born in Chengtu, China, and graduated from the Nanking Military Academy in 1938. He served in the Chinese Army from 1938 to 1948, and during 1946–48 he was a member of the Chinese Mission in Japan. He received his doctorate in Political Science from the University of Washington at Seattle and is now a research associate on a special project at Stanford University.

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